

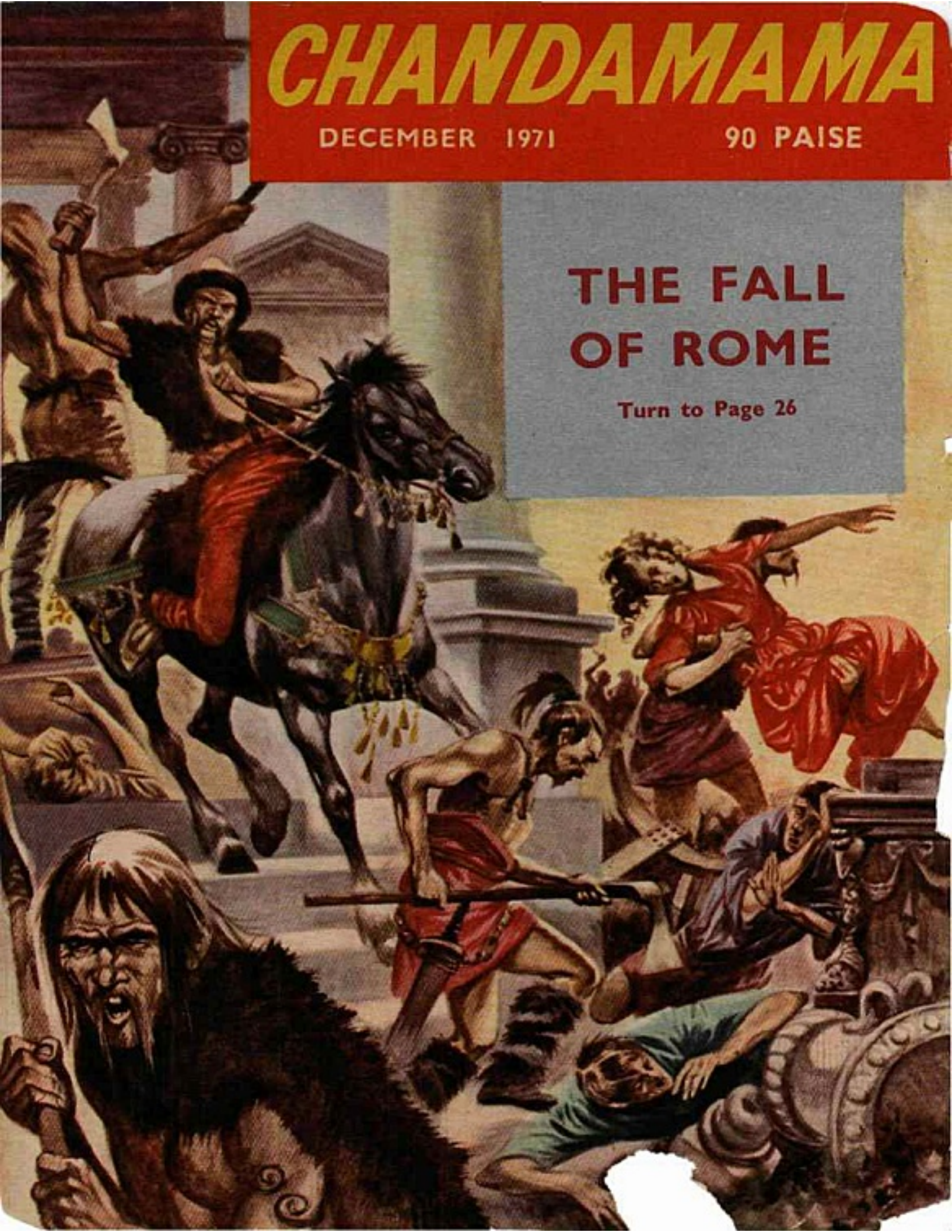
CHANDAMAMA

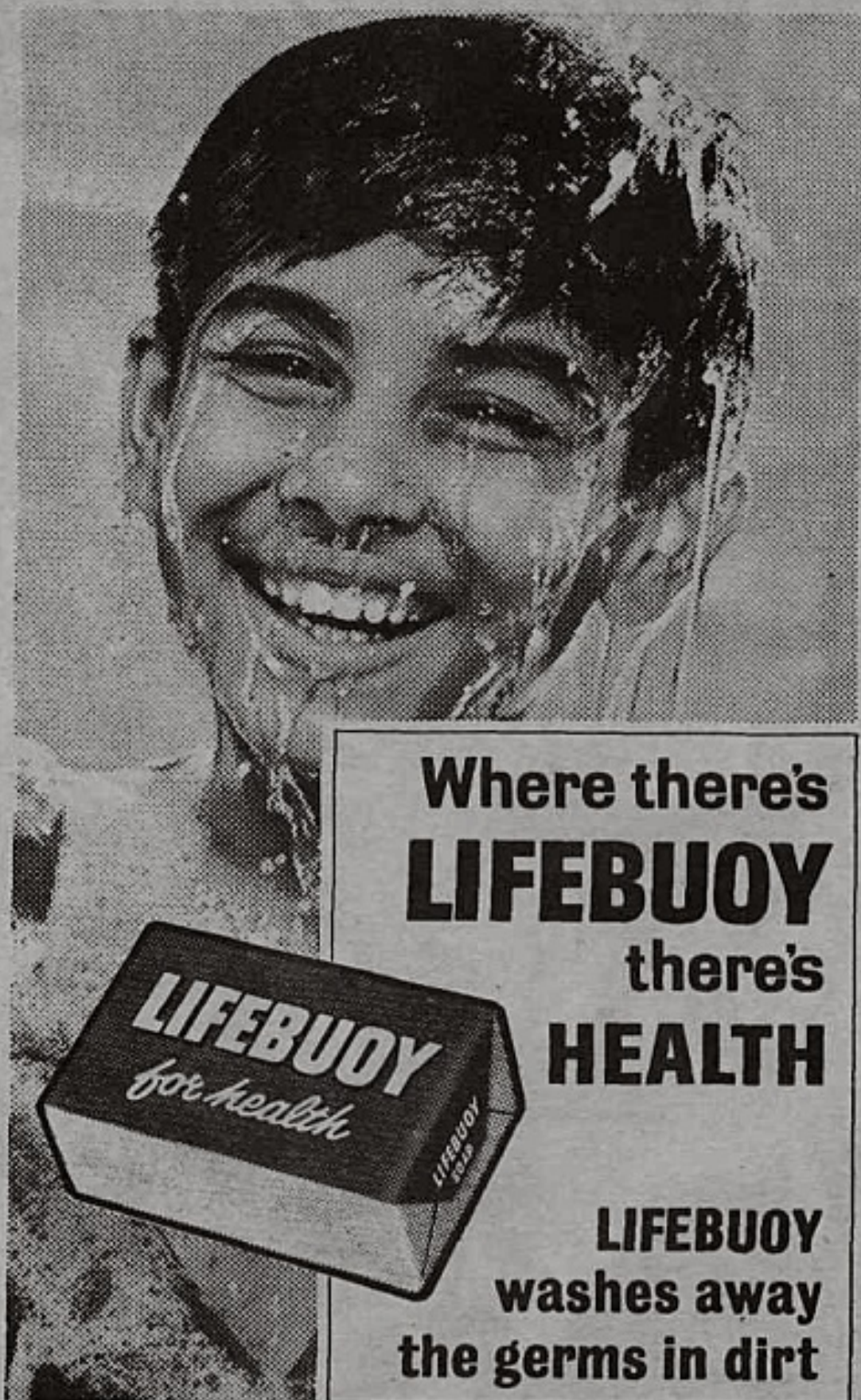
DECEMBER 1971

90 PAISE

THE FALL OF ROME

Turn to Page 26





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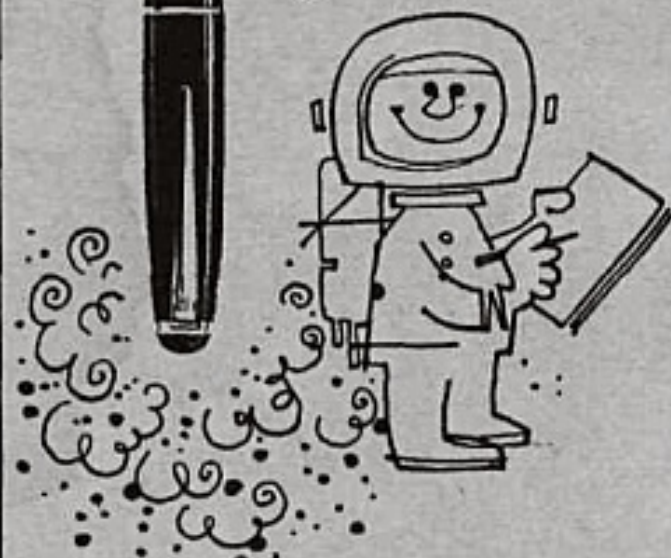


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CHANDAMAMA

Vol. 2 No. 6 December 1971



Christmas Greetings
to all our readers

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GOOD MAN AND BAD MAN

Long, long ago in far away South America there lived a Good Man and a Bad Man who were neighbours. They were very rich and owned large flocks of sheep and had many slaves to work in their fields and orchards.

The Bad Man treated his slaves cruelly, often having them whipped, but the Good Man looked after his slaves, always making sure they were well-fed and clothed.

The Bad Man was annoyed to find his neighbour treating his slaves so well and he asked Good Man why he did not whip and starve them. "Why should they be whipped and starved?" was the Good Man's reply. The Bad Man could not think of a suitable reason and this made him very angry, so he shouted, "I will bet everything I own that I am right and you are wrong in the way we treat our slaves."

"Very well," said the Good Man, "how shall we decide the bet?"

"We will ride out early tomorrow morning and ask the first three men we meet on the road which one of us is right," replied the Bad Man.

Next morning, the two men rode away and soon they met a young man. "My friend," called out the Bad Man, "settle this argument for us. My neighbour here treat his slaves kindly, but I myself whip and starve them into doing my work. Which one of us is right?"

"You are, of course," said the young man, pointing to Bad Man.

The next man they came upon was middle-aged and riding on a donkey. The Bad Man asked the same question and received the same reply.

Soon, they met the third person, an old man, hobbling along and leaning heavily on a stick. The Bad Man asked his question and for the third time he received the same reply. "You see," said the Bad Man, smirking all over his face, "I have won the bet."

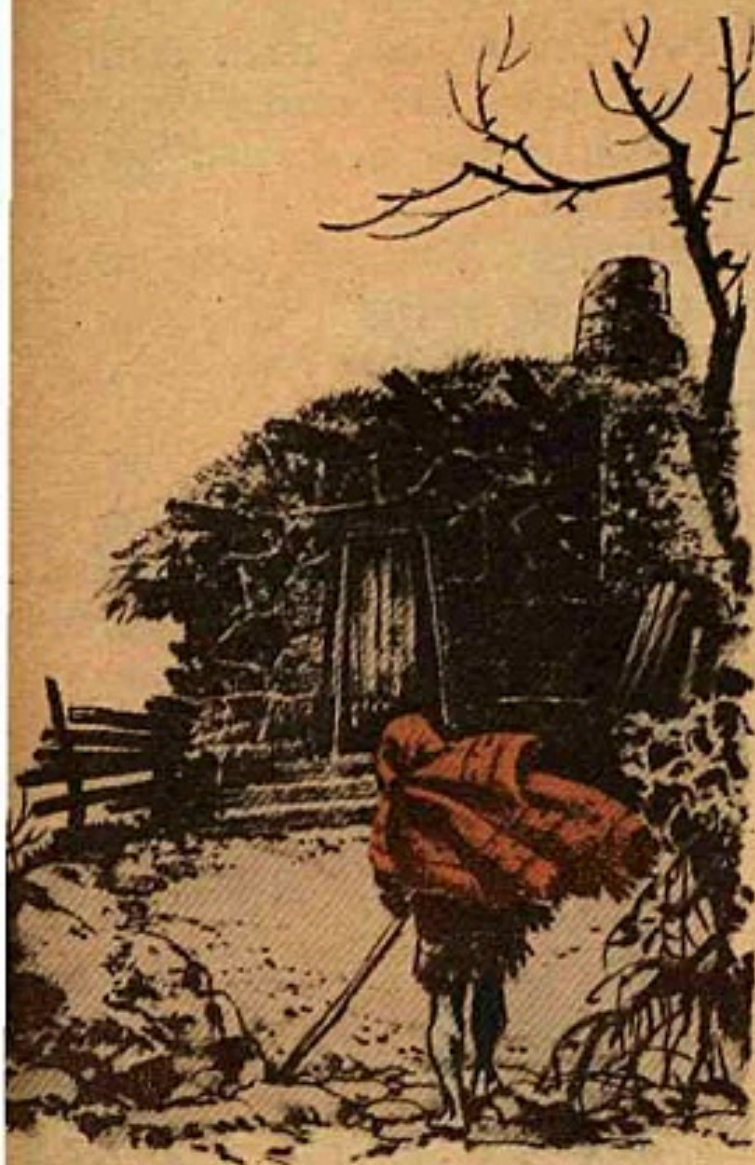
Good Man got down off his horse and gave it to the Bad Man saying sadly, "Everything

I own is now yours, but I shall return when I have earned twice as much money as I have lost in this bet."

"Humph! That will take you quite a few years!" exclaimed the Bad Man and he rode away chuckling.

The Good Man walked off down the road and as night fell he came to a tumbledown shack. He crept inside, but he was barely asleep when there was a thunderous roar, a whistling





of wind and the tramping sound of many feet. He hardly had time to scramble up a wide chimney before the door flew open and in trooped a horde of devils.

As Good Man listened, he heard the chief devil bellow for silence and then order the others to make their reports of the evil things they had done. First was an ugly devil, with bat's wings and a long beak, who told how he had met Good Man

and Bad Man and had fooled Good Man into losing everything he owned. "By changing myself into three different men and giving the same answers to Bad Man's questions, I have caused the ruin of Good Man," he said, very pleased with himself.

"I have done better than that," said another devil. "On the other side of the mountain is a town once called Rich Town, but now it is called Dry Town, for I have closed up the spring that supplies the town with water, with a large boulder. Nobody can move the boulder unless a wooden sword is carved from a stick and the rock is struck four times, once facing to the South, once to the West, once to the North and once to the East. Of course, nobody will think of hitting the rock in such a way so the town will never have water again and all the crops will die."

Next, a young devil told how, in another town, all the people were crying and wailing because he had made the mayor's daughter ill with a terrible fever. "She can only be cured if the first rays of the rising sun are allowed to fall on her forehead," said the devil with a wicked



grin. "But of course, no-one will ever think of that."

The fumes from the chief devil's pipe were now drifting up the chimney and though he tried hard, Good Man could not keep awake so, firmly wedged in the chimney, he fell asleep.

When Good Man awoke he set out at once for the town on the other side of the mountain and there he promised the mayor that he could restore the town's valuable water supply. When he heard Good Man's story the mayor said, "I promise that we

will give you half of everything we own if you can restore the water."

Good Man carved a wooden sword from a stick and borrowing a horse he rode along the dried-up river bed until he came to the rock. After striking it four times, he saw the rock suddenly leap out of the bank and a great torrent of water started to flow down the river again.

True to his word, the mayor gave Good Man his reward.

Next, Good Man rode as fast as he could to the town where the girl lay ill. He explained to the mayor of the town that he could cure his daughter and the grateful mayor said, "If you will make my daughter well again, I am sure everyone in the town will give you half of everything they own, for she is as dear to them as she is to me."

Early the next morning, as the first rays of sun began to creep over the horizon, Good Man carried the sick girl to the doorway of the mayor's house

A man gazing incredulously at a huge mounted fish said: "The man who caught that fish is a liar!"

and let the rays fall upon her forehead. At once, the girl was cured.

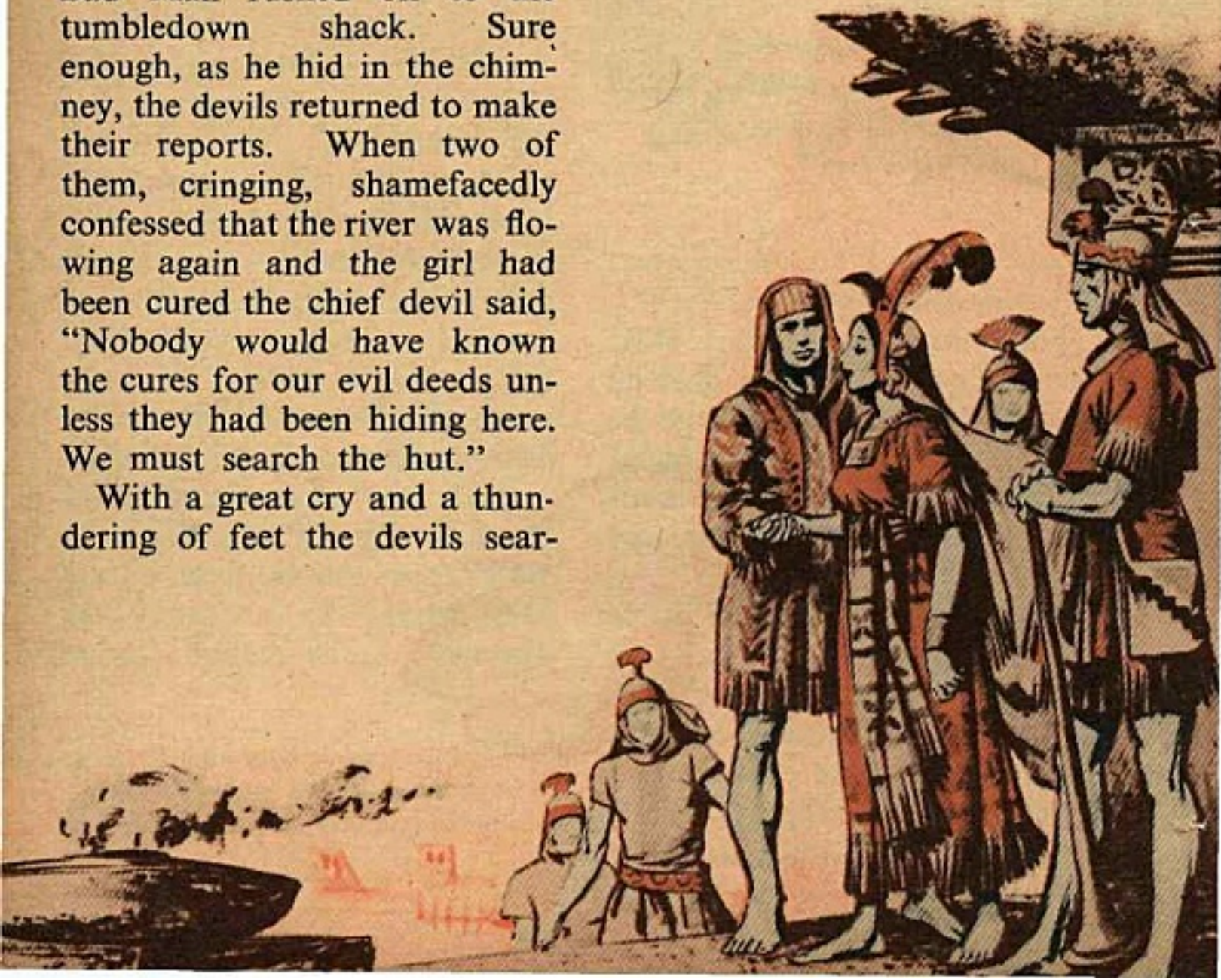
The mayor and the townspeople, overjoyed at seeing her well again, immediately gave Good Man half of all they possessed and he set off home.

When Bad Man saw that Good Man had returned home with such riches, he was furious.

As soon as Good Man had told him about his adventures, Bad Man rushed off to the tumbledown shack. Sure enough, as he hid in the chimney, the devils returned to make their reports. When two of them, cringing, shamefacedly confessed that the river was flowing again and the girl had been cured the chief devil said, "Nobody would have known the cures for our evil deeds unless they had been hiding here. We must search the hut."

With a great cry and a thundering of feet the devils sear-

ched and found the Bad Man, pulling him down from the chimney in a great cloud of soot. Then all the devils breathed on him with their hot breath and Bad Man gradually grew smaller, first to the size of a dwarf, then to the size of a mouse, then to the size of a flea until finally there was nothing left of Bad Man at all.



Evil Destroys Itself



Sivakumar tries to force the Princess into marriage

Princess Padma was the only daughter of King Jagannath of Jaitpur, and seeing that the Princess was extremely beautiful there were of course, many suitors for her hand in marriage. But the Princess had lost her heart many years ago to the youthful King Balakrishna, ruler of the neighbouring Kingdom of Ratnagiri.

Yet there was one other who considered that Princess Padma should welcome his hand in marriage. That was Sivakumar the arrogant King of Sringa. He considered himself far above any of the other kings, and his

pursuit of the Princess was encouraged by his mother, the Dowager Queen. "Go to King Jagannath with a great retinue," she insisted. "When the king understands the wealth and strength of this kingdom, he should be only too willing to give his consent to you marrying his daughter."

When King Sivakumar arrived in Jaitpur, accompanied by a full company of cavalry, he was rather coldly received by the king, who mistrusted this arrogant ruler.

When Sivakumar bluntly demanded the hand of the

Princess, the king shook his head. "The betrothal of Princess Padma to the King of Ratnagiri is to be publicly announced tomorrow," he said, and walked from the audience chamber.

King Sivakumar strode out of the palace in a towering temper. He considered he had been humiliated and grossly insulted.

Not long afterwards, the betrothal of the Princess with King Balakrishna was celebrated, but in the midst of this happy occasion, news was received that the Kingdom of Ratnagiri had been invaded by the nomad tribes of the North. King Balakrishna with his followers left for Ratnagiri immediately to repel the invaders, but in the first battle King Balakrishna was badly beaten, and it seemed that the kingdom must fall to the murderous tribesmen.

Hearing the bad news, King Jagannath and his son, Prince Rajasimh, mobilised their army and went to the aid of the Ratnagiri army which had been forced to retreat, with heavy losses.

The moment it was known that the army of Jaitpur had

crossed the border into Ratnagiri, the Dowager Queen of Sringa, hurried to the side of her son. "Now is your opportunity," she cried. "Invade Jaitpur, and make the princess your captive. Then we can force the girl to marry you."

King Sivakumar did not need any prompting, he was only too eager to march on Jaitpur and wipe out the insult he had suffered from their insufferable king.

Jaitpur with only a handful of defenders, soon fell to Sivakumar's army, and after letting his men loot the city, Sivakumar forced his way into the palace, killing any who stood in his way, and compelled the Princess to accompany him to Sringa.

Meanwhile in Ratnagiri, the defending armies suffered defeat after defeat. King Jagannath was killed whilst leading an attack to recapture the capital city, and on the following day King Balakrishna's army was annihilated by the tribesmen, and the king aided by Prince Rajasimh managed to escape capture and were forced to flee.

This was wonderful news to King Sivakumar. Now no one stood in his way of marrying the princess. He lost no time

in having the Princess brought before him and gloatingly told her how her father and her would-be husband had been defeated, so now she had no option but to marry him.

The Princess eyed him with contempt. "Never," she said proudly, "I am betrothed to King Balakrishna, and I will marry no one else, certainly not a despot such as you, who merely fights defenceless women."

When the Dowager Queen heard of this interlude, she upbraided her son for allowing the Princess to speak in such a manner. King Sivakumar

merely smiled, "In time, I am sure she will change her mind," he said.

"Nonsense," retorted his mother. "I will show you how to break that girl's obstinacy. And I will do it now." With that, she stormed out of the room.

Going into the room where the princess was kept in captivity, the Dowager Queen caught the Princess by the shoulder. "You will consent to marry my son," she screamed, "otherwise you will spend the rest of your days as a mere servant."

"I prefer to be a servant, than marry your treacherous son,"

The Dowager Queen abuses the Princess





The Princess thinks she sees ghosts

replied the Princess heatedly.

From then onwards, the Princess slaved from morning till night doing all the degrading work of a slave, suffering continual abuse and beatings from the virulent Dowager Queen.

Two years went by, and sometimes it was difficult for this palace drudge to remember that she was a princess of royal blood.

One morning when she went down to the river, to wash some clothes, she saw a rowing boat coming up the river. As she looked she felt positive that the two men in the boat looked

familiar. As the boat drew nearer, there was no doubt, it was her brother, Prince Rajasimh, and her betrothed King Balakrishna.

As soon as the boat reached the bank, her brother leaped ashore, and came hurrying towards her.

"Young lady," he said, "Can you tell me"—then he stopped and peered at her closely—"Good heavens, it's Padma herself. Whatever are you doing in that dirty garb washing clothes?"

Padma rushed into her brother's arms. "I am so glad to see you both," she cried. "I

refused to marry King Sivakumar, so his wretched mother made me into a servant."

It was a happy reunion, and the Princess wanted to ask so many questions, but King Balakrishna shook his head. "We cannot stay for fear of being seen," he said. "Your brother is now King of Jaitpur, and we have conquered the tribesmen who invaded Ratnagiri. So at last I won back my kingdom. Tomorrow at dawn we shall attack this palace and rid the world of Sivakumar."

Her brother entreated her to hide in the cellars of the palace, where she would be safe during the conflict.

Just before day break, the combined armies of Jaitpur and Ratnagiri invaded Sringa, and

a strong force led by King Balakrishna attacked the palace. There was little defence, as the kingdom was totally unprepared and in no time the defending army was overwhelmed.

In the palace, King Sivakumar made an half-hearted attempt to rally his men, and then his courage failed him, and he rushed blindly through the palace looking for a way to escape. But he ran straight into some of the invading force, and was still screaming for mercy, as the soldiers hacked him to death.

The Dowager Queen was sent into exile, and not long afterwards the Princess Padma was married to King Balakrishna and peace reigned once again over the land.



A little girl's thank-you note: "Thank you for your nice present. I always wanted a pin cushion, although not very much."

CHARLES DICKENS

The man who was Christmas

Night after night, in October 1843, when most of the folks of London were sleeping peacefully in their beds, a man stole quietly out of his house and went tramping through the foggy, deserted streets. Sometimes he walked for miles in complete silence. At other times, policemen looked curiously at him because he was both laughing and crying, and seemed very excited.

The man was the novelist Charles Dickens, and his strange behaviour was the result of the fact that, on these walks at night, he was thinking out the first of his famous Christmas stories, *A Christmas Carol*.

The story was published just before Christmas that same year and became an immediate best-seller. It tells how the frozen-faced miser Scrooge is transformed by the Ghosts of Christmas Past and Present and Yet to Come, into a kindly cheerful man.

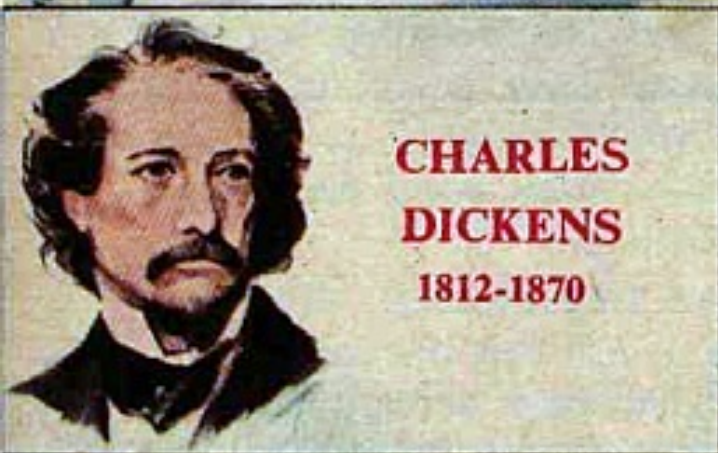
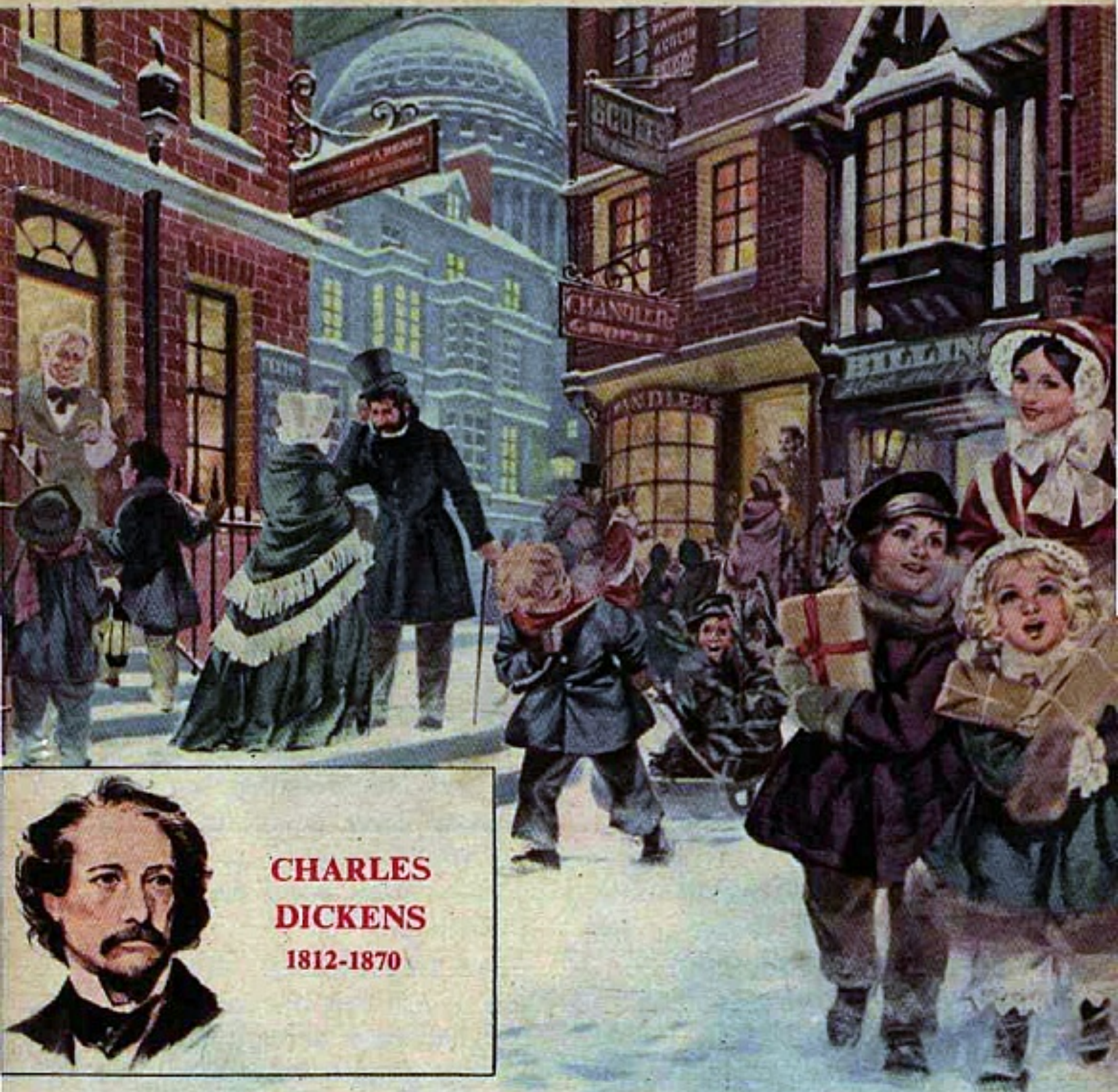
In the following year,

Dickens wrote his second Christmas story, *The Chimes*. This is the story of Toby Veck, a penniless old ticket porter, and Dickens hoped that this tale would help to ease the plight of the poor.

The furious pace at which Dickens worked on this book began to have a serious effect on his health. Nevertheless, he completed *The Chimes* in November 1844. When he had done so, he looked the book over, and confessed to having "What women call a real good cry."

Dickens's third Christmas book was, *The Cricket on the Hearth*. This story is set in the home of a jovial carrier called John Peerybingle. The cricket which stays beside the fire, chirps when all is well in the household, and is silent when there is unhappiness there.

The fourth Christmas book, *The Battle of Life*, is a very touching love story involving two sisters, one of whom sacri-



**CHARLES
DICKENS**
1812-1870

fices her happiness to help the other. The last book, *The Haunted Man and The Ghost's Bargain*, relates how Mr. Redlaw, a hollow cheeked chemistry lecturer, is granted the

power of forgetfulness, only to realise that we must all live with our past, however sorrowful it may have been.

These are books that everyone should read and cherish.



Fate or Luck?

Grandfather sat back in his easy chair, after a good dinner and felt quite happy and content with life. As he sat there his mind started to dwell on various Sanskrit verses, describing how fortuitous events have so much bearing on one's life.

"What are you thinking about grandfather?" asked one of his inquisitive grandchildren.

"I was just trying to remember an old story of a melon filled with pearls," replied grandfather.

"It sounds wonderful. Do tell us the story," exclaimed Rajan, his eldest grandson.

"Well, come closer and listen carefully," said grandfather. "My story goes back many centuries"

There was once a king named Narayan, who never took anything for granted, and was wont to test everything he heard to see if it was true or false.

One night as the king lay on his bed, he recalled an old Sanskrit verse which said that fate predetermines everything, whether it be good fortune or ill-fortune.

The king decided, there and then to test this old saying. So he called to a servant to fetch him a melon. As soon as the fruit was brought, he took a knife and scooped out the flesh, then filled the melon with pearls.

The next morning when his priest came to bless him he made the priest a gift of the melon.

His next caller was an old

fakir begging for alms, and the king gave him a small silver coin.

The priest left the palace, rather disappointed at receiving an ordinary melon as a gift, especially as his garden was full of melons. Then he noticed the old fakir alongside, looking at the coin he had received, making sure it was real silver:

"I wonder," thought the priest, "if that fakir will exchange that silver coin for this delicious melon." The fakir who was rather partial to melons, readily agreed and the two men departed quite happy with their bargains.

The old fakir finding a nice

shady spot by the road-side, sat down to enjoy his melon. Imagine his surprise when he discovered it was full of pearls!

Being honest, he hurried back to the palace and told the king how the priest had sold him the melon for his silver coin, and behold, the melon is full of pearls!

"Fate destined that you should find those pearls," chuckled the king. "So keep them my good man."

Grandfather smiled as he finished his story. "So, you see children, you cannot go against fate, whether it brings you good luck or bad luck."



A few days ago I overheard my small grandson doing his arithmetic homework. Three plus one, the son of a bitch is four," he was saying. "Three plus two, the son of a bitch is five. Three plus three, the son of a bitch is six." And so on. Horrified, I asked him where on earth he had picked up that language. "Oh, that's the way they teach us at school," he replied. The following day I went to see his teacher and asked her about it. At first she was equally horrified, then her face broke into a grin. "I get it!" she cried. "We teach the children to say 'Three plus one, the sum of which is four. Three plus two, the sum of which is five.'"

Little Claude's mother had reluctantly allowed her precious child to attend public school. She gave the teacher a long list of instructions. "My Claude is so sensitive," she explained. "Don't ever punish him. Just slap the boy next to him. That will frighten Claude."

THE BAMBOO PRINCESS



Far away in Japan, there lived an elderly man and his wife. Their little wooden house stood by a swift-flowing river and behind it were hills, covered with bamboo and fir trees. The couple made a meagre living by cutting down the bamboo and weaving it skilfully into flutes, vases and baskets. These they took to the nearest town and sold.

However, as they grew older, they grew more and more lonely. "If only we had had a child to bring us joy and happiness," the wife sighed sometimes.

One day, in early Springtime, the old man went out as usual to the bamboo thicket to chop down the bamboo canes. He had not been working long, before he noticed that one of the canes was swaying around in a very odd manner. There was no wind and all the other canes were still. Only one was

moving. It seemed as though it were asking to be cut down, so with one swipe of his sharp knife, the old man cut through its stem and it fell to the ground.

He picked up the fallen piece of bamboo and it seemed to jerk in his hands, so he cut it open carefully. There, lying inside the bamboo cane, was a tiny girl. She had soft, white skin and jet black hair and she was dressed in a tiny silk kimono, with a silk sash.

With a cry of joy the old man picked up the bamboo cradle and took the tiny child back home with him. His wife was delighted and they watched over the child and cared for her, full of happiness.

She grew quickly, so quickly that before the moon was full she was two feet tall. She quickly grew out of the tiny kimono which she had been wearing when they found her and the old woman took all their savings and went to the nearest town. There she bought a length of fine silk and a length of cotton to make her another kimono. It took all their savings and the old couple wondered what they would do now that they had no money left.

The little girl was still growing fast and one day, as the man went to cut down the bamboo shoots, he puzzled about how they would find the money to buy their strange child more clothes. Hardly noticing what he was doing, he slashed with his knife at the first bamboo shoot he came to and from it came a trickle of golden coins. The old man was delighted, for he was certain that whoever had sent them the child had also sent this money, so that he could provide for her.

Now they were no longer worried about how they would buy silk for more kimonos, for as the child grew bigger and bigger the bamboo continued to provide money for her. In no time at all, she had grown into a beautiful young woman and by the time she had been with them three years, she looked like a seventeen-year-old girl.

The news of this beautiful girl spread to the nearby town and beyond. One day, the parents said to her, "You are a young woman now. We shall not be able to look after you for ever and it is about time you got married. We cannot bear the thought of losing you but we want you to be properly

provided for. Many young men of good family would like to marry you. We would like to bring back from the town the three we think most worthy of you, for you to choose from".

The girl, whom they called the Bamboo Princess, because of her charm and beauty, hung her head sadly. "Dear parents, I have no wish to marry," she said. "But since you wish it, I will meet the three suitors and set a task for each of them. I will marry the one who fulfils the task."

The parents brought the three young men back to the house with them. They were all handsome, charming and of good family. The Bamboo Princess told the first one to bring her the bowl which had been used by the Lord Buddha both as a drinking bowl and as a begging bowl. The second one had to bring her the fur of one of the tree rats which live over the Western Sea and which was known to be fireproof. The third young man was to bring a sea-shell, which the swallows are said to keep in their nests, hidden away.

The three young men set out, each resolved to be the first to return with his gift. The first



one went to a clever potter whom he knew. "Make me a bowl like the one the Great Lord Buddha used," he said. "I will pay you well, for I have no wish to travel across to India to search for Buddha's bowl."

The potter did as he was asked and the young man took it to the Bamboo Princess. She looked at it carefully and then shook her head sorrowfully. 'This

is not the Lord Buddha's bowl", she said. "You have deceived me." The young man hung his head in shame and went sorrowfully away from the house.

The second young man fared no better. He did not want to travel across the Western Sea, so he asked a furrier he knew to make him a fireproof fur, like the one which would have come from the rats over the Western Sea. He took it back and again the Bamboo Princess shook her head. "You have deceived me", she said and the young man went away sorrowfully.

The third young man went to a fisherman he knew and asked

him to get a shell like the one the swallows hide away in their nests, but the princess discovered this deceit, too. All three suitors had tricked her.

Before long, another suitor reached the little wooden hut and the old couple were delighted to find that he was none other than the heir to the Imperial Japanese throne. He asked for the hand of the Bamboo Princess in marriage, but she refused him.

The young prince asked for an explanation and the girl handed him a long scroll of paper, on which were written beautifully formed characters.



Begins in the Next Issue!

The exciting adventures of Robin Hood and his Merry Men. Now you can meet those delightful characters, Will Scarlet and Friar Tuck, and of course the lovely Maid Marion. Brought to you in a glorious picture story—a story, you will, thoroughly enjoy.





All three suitors had tricked her.

The prince read what was written and, looking very sad, he left the house.

Then the Bamboo Princess turned to the old couple. "Dear parents," she said, "I am really the daughter of the Moon. For being rude and unkind my father banished me to Earth. He made me very small and hid me in a bamboo shoot as a punishment for my wrong deeds. You found me and cared for me and the gold you found was sent for my keep by my father,

the Moon. He will not forget that you spent all the coins on me and not one on yourselves.

"Now it is time for me to return to the Moon. On Earth I have learned to be kind and humble and I shall always be grateful for your kindness and care. Tonight, the moon will be full. Go to the town tomorrow, to sell your bamboo baskets and when you return I will be gone."

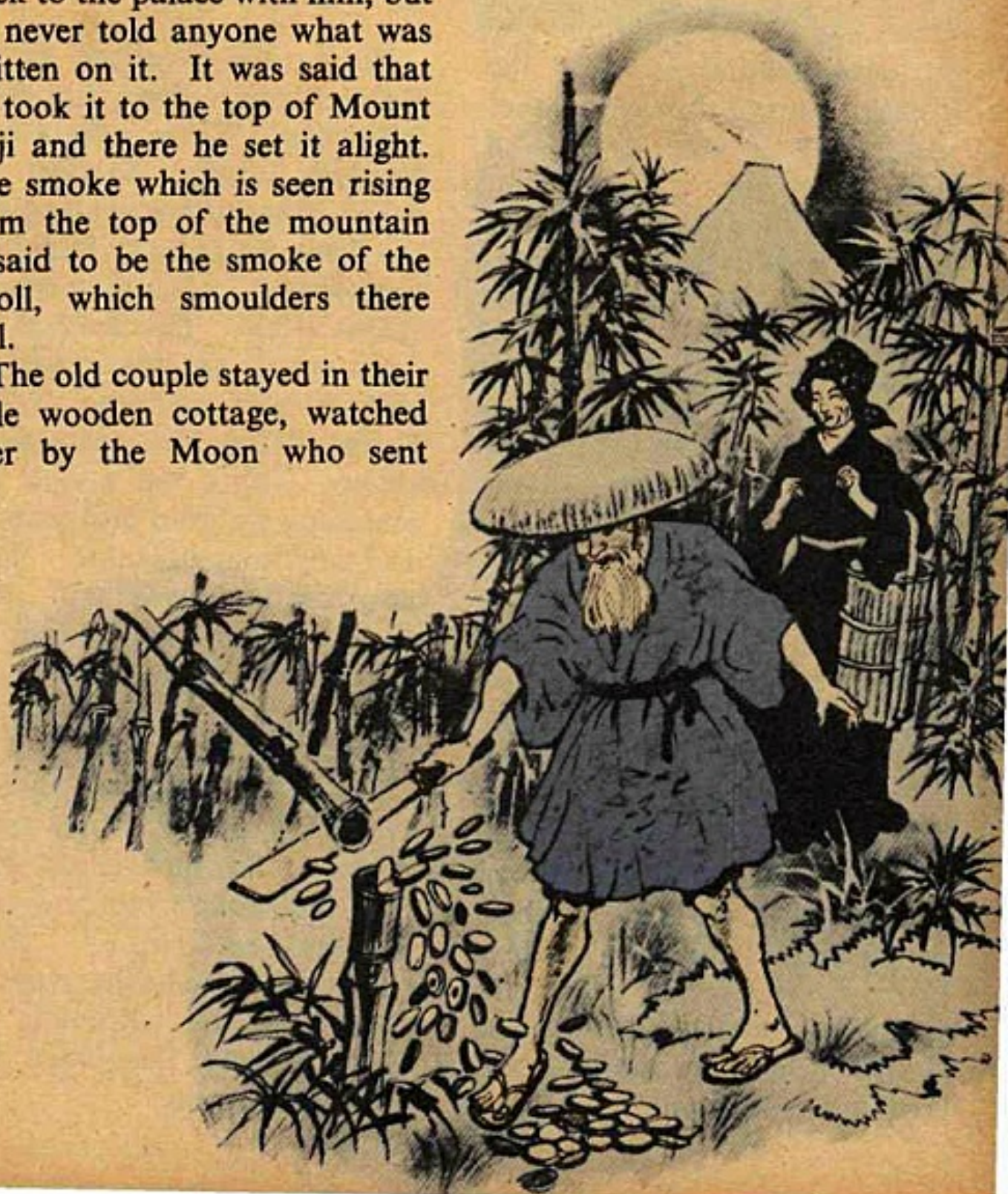
The old couple did as she had said and when they returned

home next day, the Bamboo Princess had gone. It was said that a chariot of moonbeams had dropped to Earth to fetch her.

The heir to the Imperial Japanese throne took the scroll back to the palace with him, but he never told anyone what was written on it. It was said that he took it to the top of Mount Fuji and there he set it alight. The smoke which is seen rising from the top of the mountain is said to be the smoke of the scroll, which smoulders there still.

The old couple stayed in their little wooden cottage, watched over by the Moon who sent

them gold coins in the bamboo cane whenever they were in need. Always they cherished the memory of the daughter who had come from the Moon, to give them a few years of happiness.





THE FALL OF ROME

For several hundred years the Roman empire brought peace and safety to the people of many countries.

They had fine towns to live in and good roads and harbours. The Roman governors saw that the laws were kept and criminals were punished and the Roman legions kept peace all along the frontiers.

Then came a time when the Romans found it less and less easy to rule their huge empire. Rome was not as great and powerful as it had once been. Some of the emperors were wise and just, but others were weak and greedy and cruel, unable to govern the empire properly.

There were even times when Romans fought each other. Sometimes, if an emperor died, the legions would not accept the new emperor. Then the soldiers marched to Rome and fought to make one of their own leaders emperor.

Beyond the frontiers of the Roman empire lived wild, fierce tribesmen. There were Goths, Vandals, Huns, Saxons and others. They attacked all parts of the Roman empire and fought so fiercely that at last they reached Rome itself. The Roman soldiers could not save their city and it was captured by the Goths. They rode through the streets, killing the people and searching for gold and jewellery and anything of value. These they carried away with them and then they set fire to the rest of the city. They did not stay, for they did not want to live in comfortable homes in a fine city and they did not care for art and learning. They settled down in the new lands which they had conquered and made themselves homes, simple wooden huts. The fine cities and houses of the Romans disappeared and the Dark Ages came to Europe.



THE BLACK RIDER

Many, many years ago, King Sasunk ruled the mighty Kingdom of Magadha. He was himself a great warrior, but to safeguard his kingdom from invasion, he set up a number of feudal states on the borders. Each of these states was governed by a noble, who with the small army under his command, was under an oath of allegiance to the king.

This arrangement worked well and for many years, the Kingdom was at peace. But

then, some of these nobles became obsessed with power and tyrannised the people in their domains with heavy taxes and ruthless punishment for minor offences. The people were scared to complain to the king, lest they and their relatives come to an untimely end.

There was one, Sahadev, a captain in the king's army, who came to know of what was happening in these border states, and decided, to wage a lone war on these despots.

Sahadev was not only brave, but he was extremely clever. Time and time again this lone warrior would waylay tax collectors and relieve them of their ill-gotten gains. And on two occasions, he overpowered the guards and broke into the nobles' treasuries. All the plunder he gained, he shared between the poor people, who felt that this man dressed all in black, must be a saint in disguise.

Sahadev's bold enterprise soon came to the ears of the King, who still thinking that all his nobles were very loyal, had Sahadev branded as an outlaw with a price on his head.

Then one night, the King had a strange dream. He dreamt that the radiant figure of a goddess appeared before him, and commanded him to become a robber. The following morning, the King tried to dismiss this vivid dream from his mind, which he was sure was a nightmare caused by over eating.

That night, the king was awakened by a brilliant light in his chamber, and when he sat up, there in front of him stood the goddess. In a commanding voice, she said, "It is the will

of the almighty God, that you King Sasunk go out into your kingdom and rob, otherwise you will not only lose your kingdom but your life as well."

Before the King could utter a word, the goddess vanished from sight. The King sat in bewilderment, wondering as to what this message from the god foretold. But it could not be ignored, and he decided to slip out of the palace that very night and become of all things, a robber.

The King rode silently from his palace, his face masked to hide his identity, and his mind full of conflicting thoughts. The command given by the goddess had to be obeyed, but then, how did one become a robber?

Riding across country, the King was still pondering as to how he was going to rob anyone, when suddenly he found his path barred by a horseman, garbed from head to foot in black.

"Who are you?" demanded the King. "If you have ideas of robbing me, you will feel the keen edge of my sword."

"Bravely spoken," replied the man in black, dismounting from his horse. "But first let us see how good you are with a sword?"



The Black Rider confronts the King

The King who was recognised as the finest swordsman in the kingdom, quickly dismounted and drawing his sword was soon engaged in a fight to the death.

At first, they seemed evenly matched, but then the king's skill soon had his opponent on the defensive and he began to give ground. The King forced home his attack, and the black rider trying to defend himself, stumbled and before he could recover, his blade was sent spinning in the air, and he found himself on the ground, with the king's sword at his throat.

"Now my friend," said the

King sternly. "You had better explain who you are?"

"My name is Sahadev," replied the black rider. "And if you must know I am an outlaw, with a price on my head."

"Then you are just the person I am looking for," said the King. "For I am a robber. So we must join forces, and may be rob the king's treasury."

"Not the king's treasury," said the black rider, shaking his head. "I am loyal to my king. The person we should rob is Surasen, that villian who governs this province."

This shook the king, because Surasen was not only one of

his most trusted nobles, but in recent years had married the king's sister.

"What proof have you that Surasen is a villain?" asked the king.

The black rider stared at the king. "Everyone knows that Surasen is a rogue. Let us visit his treasury and you will be amazed as to the extent he has robbed this kingdom."

"Come then, let's go," the King said as he mounted his horse. Soon the two would-be robbers were galloping hard in order to reach Surasen's palace before day break.

Tying their horses in a woo-

ded glen close to Surasen's palace, the two men keeping to the shadows, stealthily crept past the guards to the treasury.

Sahadev was obviously adept at picking locks, because they were soon inside the building, and the king was truly astonished when he saw the fabulous wealth that Surasen had accumulated.

"Whilst you collect the most valuable of the jewels, I am going into the palace to see what else I can find," whispered the black rider, and like a shadow he disappeared.

Getting into the palace was no trouble to Sahadev, but he

The King had the Black Rider at his mercy



was surprised to hear voices coming from one of the rooms. Quietly opening the door slightly, Sahadev could see inside the room, and there was Surasen pacing angrily up and down, whilst four other nobles sat around a table.

"We are all agreed, then," Surasen was saying. "Tomorrow we shall each travel separately to the king's court. At the assembly you four will see that there is no interference, and I will assassinate his noble majesty. Then the entire kingdom will be ours."

"But your wife is the king's sister," said one of the men.

"Bah!" Surasen shouted angrily. "Once my precious brother-in-law is out of the way. I will soon rid myself of that cursed woman."

Sahadev didn't wait to hear any more. He quietly slipped away and joined the King in the treasury, who had gleefully filled two bags with precious stones.

As soon as they got away from the palace, Sahadev told the King all that he had overheard inside the palace.

"The king must be warned immediately," he urged. "But I dare not go, for I am branded



The Black Rider decides to break into Surasen's palace

an outlaw."

"I will go," replied the King. "But tomorrow afternoon let us agree to meet by the ancient tombs near the king's palace."

The King rode back to his palace, realising at last how true were the words of the goddess. Once at the palace, the King informed his trusted ministers of the dire plot he had discovered, and plans were made to arrest the conspirators.

As each of the conspirators arrived at the palace, they were disarmed and thrown into dungeons. With the exception of Surasen, who was allowed to



Surasen swears that he is innocent

enter the court unmolested.

Face to face with the king, Surasen was badly shaken when the king accused him of treason.

"It's a lie," shouted Surasen desperately. "Where is the proof that I am guilty of any crime?"

"Your accomplices have already confessed," said the King dispassionately. "But I will face you with the man who heard you planning to assassinate me."

The King sent his guards to the ancient tombs to fetch Sahadev to the court. Sahadev when he was accosted by the

guards, thought that his accomplice must have been arrested. And now he too would have to stand trial as an outlaw.

Brought in front of the King, Sahadev calmly awaited his fate, and could hardly believe his ears when the King said, "You have nothing to fear. I was your companion yesterday. To-day you are back in my service. Are you willing to fight a duel with the accused Surasen, to-morrow at dawn?"

"Gladly your Majesty," responded Sahadev gleefully. "I promise I will rid your kingdom of this tyrant."

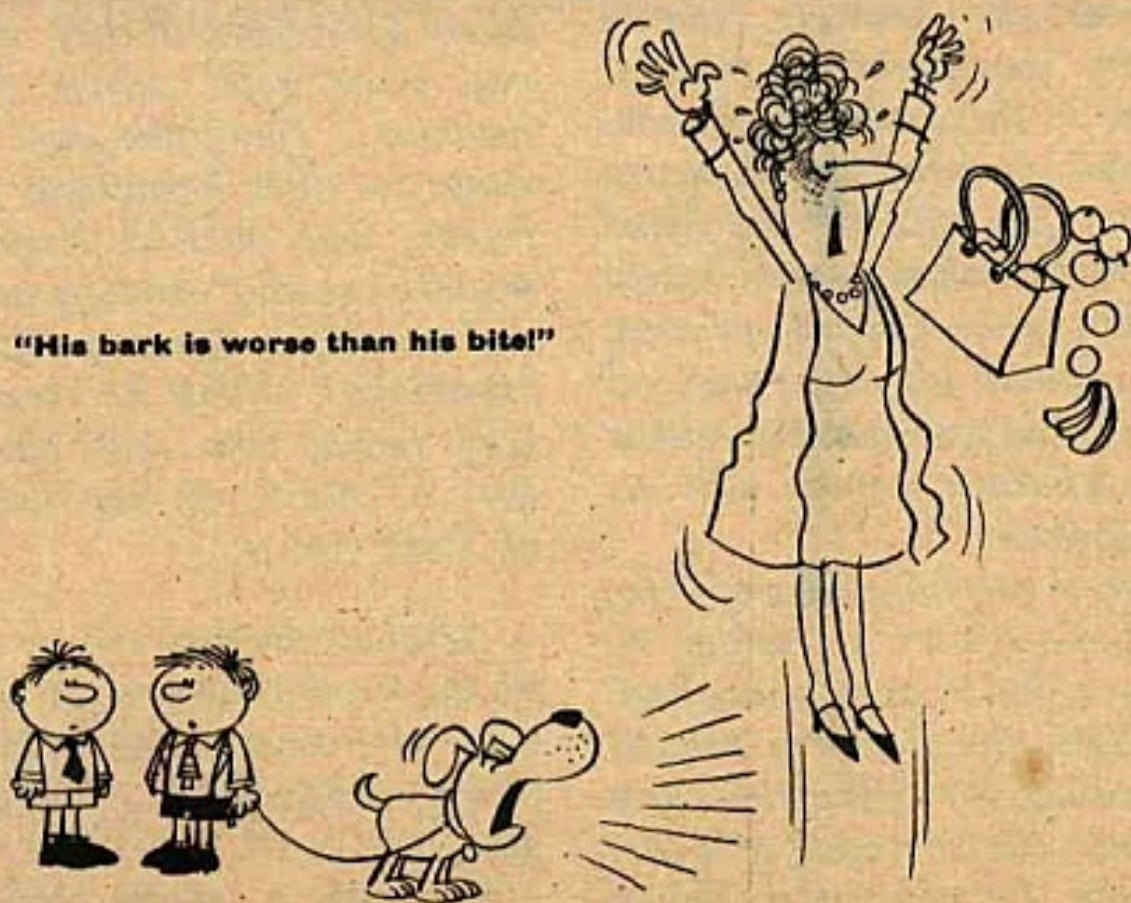
At dawn the next day, the two antagonists faced each other in the palace courtyard. Sahadev fairly leaped at his opponent his sword flashing fire in the morning sun. Surasen soon realised he was so match for this human tiger. He wildly thought of casting aside his

sword and begging for mercy. But that was his last thought in life. For Sahadev with a terrific lunge ran him through the heart.

After the death of Surasen, there was peace and contentment throughout the kingdom, and Sahadev was given command of the king's bodyguard.



"His bark is worse than his bite!"





MAHABHARATA

The story so far.....

As the great Epic unfolds, one sees the growing enmity between the Pandava princes, the sons of the dead King Pandu, and their cousins, the Kaurava princes, the sons of the blind King Dhritarashtra. Yudhishtira the eldest of the Pandava princes, is coerced into playing games of dice, by Duryodhana, the eldest of the Kaurava princes and his uncle Sakuni.

At these fateful games of dice, Yudhishtira loses everything he possesses, and in accordance with the stakes, the Pandava princes accompanied by Draupadi have to endure twelve years of exile. Whilst in the wilderness Bhima

slew the monster Kimmera. Krishna visits them and consoled Draupadi in her distress and gave good advice to the brothers. The great sage Vyasa came to their hermitage in the forest, and advised Arjuna to acquire celestial arms by penance and worship. Arjuna goes to the Himalayas, where he meets the God Indra, who tells him that first he must win the blessings of Lord Shiva.

Arjuna refreshed by the words of the God Indra, went further into the mountains, intent on doing penance to obtain the grace of Lord Shiva.

Entering a glade that was

filled with the scent of all the wild flowers and the song of thousands of birds, Arjuna sat underneath a great flowering tree, and began his penance to the Lord Shiva.

So deep and devout were his meditations, that all the sages of the forest went to the abode of Lord Shiva and begged him to help this youth.

Lord Shiva under the guise of a huntsman and accompanied by his divine wife Umadevi, entered the glade where Arjuna was meditating. At the same time, a huge wild boar broke into the glade intent on charging Arjuna.

Arjuna jumped to his feet, and fitting an arrow to his bow, let fly at the boar. The huntsman Lord Shiva, also shot an arrow at the boar, and the animal fell lifeless, transfixed with two arrows.

Arjuna turned on the huntsman and shouted in anger. "Who are you? And why do you dare to shoot at an animal I was aiming at?"

"The game in this forest belongs to those who live in it," replied the huntsman in a contemptuous tone. "In any case, my arrow killed the boar, and if you think differently you are



Arjuna threatens the hunts man

welcome to fight it out."

Nothing could please Arjuna better. He showered arrow after arrow at this arrogant huntsman, but to his amazement not one arrow even touched the huntsman, who just stood there, laughing in derision.

Undaunted Arjuna rushed forward and struck at the huntsman with his Gandiva bow. But the bow was wrenched out of his hand with the greatest of ease. Then Arjuna drew his sword, but at the first stroke, the sword shivered to pieces, and Arjuna began to doubt that this was any ordinary



Lord Shiva embraces Arjuna

hunter.

Now weaponless, Arjuna grappled with his formidable opponent, only to find himself clasped in an embrace, that left him quite helpless.

Mortified at such a defeat, Arjuna humbly sought divine aid and meditated on Lord Shiva, and as he did so, the hunter took on his original divine form, and released Arjuna from his iron clasp.

Arjuna fell at the feet of the Lord and, in a broken voice begged for forgiveness.

"I forgive you, my son," said Shiva smilingly, and gave him back his weapons. He also

bestowed on Arjuna the coveted Pasupata weapon.

Arjuna was overcome with joy and could only gaze on Lord Shiva with adoration, thinking, I am seeing the Lord face to face and have been blessed with his divine touch.

Lord Shiva again embraced Arjuna saying, "My son, you must now go to heaven and render your respects to God Indra." With these words Shiva vanished from sight.

No sooner had Lord Shiva disappeared when, Matali, the charioteer of God Indra, descended with his chariot to take Arjuna to the Kingdom of the Gods.



HISTORY
MOTOR CAR — ROVER



HISTORY
MOTOR CAR — ROVER



GEOGRAPHY
EVEREST



GEOGRAPHY
EVEREST



HISTORY

MOTOR CAR — ROVER

THE 3½ Litre Rover car overleaf can be either a saloon or a coupe—and is fast silent, elegant and comfortable.

One of the standard features is automatic transmission, although optional manual control is also included.

The length of the 3½ Litre Rover car is 187 in. and the width is 70 in. The height of the saloon is 61 in. and the height of the coupe is 58 in. The ground clearance of both cars is 6½ in.

The body is of welded steel and there is noise and vibration insulation provided by six rubber mountings.

The seat cushions both at the front and the back are faced in leather. Leather is not used in the rest of the interior, as other materials are thought to be more suitable.

GEOGRAPHY

EVEREST

BETWEEN 1924 and 1953, when the mountain was climbed for the first time, there were four attempts on Everest, three English and one Swiss. None of them was successful.

In 1953, however, a strong expedition led by Colonel John Hunt set out to climb Everest by way of Nepal. Members of the team included the New Zealander, Edmund Hillary, Tensing Norgay, a Sherpa guide from Nepal, R. C. Evans and T. D. Bourdillon. The two men who actually reached the summit on 29th May, 1953, were Edmund Hillary and the Sherpa, Tensing Norgay. The picture overleaf shows Tensing Norgay at the summit.

John Hunt and Edmund Hillary were knighted and Tensing Norgay was awarded the George Medal.

HISTORY

MOTOR CAR — ROVER

THE history of the Rover Company really began in 1877. That was the year in which John Kemp Starley and William Sutton started to make cycles and tricycles in Coventry.

The first use of the name "Rover" was in 1884 for tricycles but the greatest advance in cycle production came in 1885 when the Rover Safety Bicycle was first made.

In 1902, the Rover Motor Cycle came on the market.

In 1923, however, this side of the business was closed down to concentrate on the production of motor cars. The first Rover car was, in fact, made in 1904 and the Rover Company Limited was formed in 1906.

The picture overleaf shows a fairly early Rover car. This is a 12 h.p. of 1914.

GEOGRAPHY

EVEREST

THE highest mountain in the world is the Himalayan peak called after a surveyor general of India, Sir George Everest. It is estimated to be around 29,028 ft. high.

Situated on the borders of Tibet and Nepal, it is known in Tibetan as "Chumolungma," meaning "Sacred Mother of the Waters."

There have been many attempts to climb it. Unfortunately, until 1920, permission could not be obtained from the Tibetan government for climbers to cross its territory.

In 1921, with the ban lifted, there was a reconnaissance expedition involving Lt. Col. C.K. Howard-Bury, C.H. Bullock, Dr. A. M. Kellas, G.L. Mallory and Harold Raeburn among others.



The King was amused at Deenanath's story

The Star Gazer

In the far off days, when Ujjain was ruled by King Vishnuvardhan, a great patron of the arts, a poor scholar named Deenanath lived near the king's palace. Deenanath was no ordinary scholar as he devoted all his time in studying the stars. He believed the destiny of everyone was written in the heavens, and only the stars could foretell the future.

Naturally, many people came to the scholar for their horos-

copes. If he predicted a rosy future, they paid and went away satisfied. But on the other hand, when he foretold of troubles that lay ahead his would-be customers became extremely disgruntled and left in a huff, without paying. So poor Deenanath made a precarious living, which did not please his wife one bit.

She would scold and nag, and not a day went by when she did not to remind him that

the King was always giving rich rewards to scholars, yet her husband was content to sit at home, and spend his nights gazing at the planets, whilst she, poor wife had insufficient to eat and no clothes worth wearing.

To escape his wife's scathing tongue, Deenanath started to attend the king's court. But as he stood and listened to the other scholars praising the king and making ridiculous promises as to the future, he felt disgusted and would not take part in the ceremony. Afterwards, when the King rewarded those who had been full of empty praises, Deenanath received nothing and went home empty-handed to get another scolding.

After several days, the King began to notice this ill-dressed scholar, who always stood in the background and remained silent. Curious as to the reason for this strange behaviour, the King beckoned Deenanath to come to the steps of the throne.

Eyeing the scholars' poor garb, the King asked him, "Why do you come to my court and never utter a word? Are you without wisdom?"

"Your Majesty," replied Deenanath, with a twinkle in

his eye. "I never learnt how to compose sonnets of praise. I merely study the planets and the destiny that is written there."

The King's eyes brows went up. "It all sounds very interesting but obviously it is a poor living." He motioned to one of his ministers. "Give this scholar one hundred pieces of silver, so that at least, he can eat and dress well."

When Deenanath arrived home with the silver, his wife fairly danced with joy. "There, I told you so," she chortled. "If you had only listened to me before, we should have been rich by now."



Deenanath's wife discovers the silver has been stolen

Perhaps his wife told too many neighbours of the king's bounty, or may be it was destiny, but that night thieves broke into the house, and all those lovely silver coins were stolen.

There was no pacifying Deenanath's wife who wept and wailed, and urged Deenanath to hurry to the palace and tell the King. But Deenanath merely shook his head and kept repeating, "You cannot go against destiny."

Two days later, Deenanath to get away from his wife's scolding, went to the king's court, and the King was rather vexed to see that the scholar still wore the same threadbare clothing.

"Why are you dressed like this?" he asked Deenanath. "Did we not give you sufficient money?"

"Alas, Your Majesty," replied Deenanath in a sorrowful voice. "I am afraid my stars would not allow me to keep one hundred pieces of silver. Robbers broke into my house and took the money."

"What rubbish you talk," said the King sternly. "You should guard your money more carefully. Now, here is another one hundred pieces of silver and



Deenanath hides the silver

just you see there are no more robbers."

Deenanath left the court with a troubled mind. He was sure, that according to his stars no good would come his way for the next three months. Instead of going home, Deenanath went to the temple of Lord Ganapathi, where he prayed everyday, and he hid the silver in the hollow trunk of an ancient peepal tree, that stood close by the temple.

Every one believed, quite untruthfully, that this old peepal tree was the home of many poisonous snakes. So Deenanath felt quite certain that no



one would venture near the tree.

Weeks went by, and the King out of curiosity, mentioned to one of his ministers. "It is strange, but that scholar Deenanath, has not been seen in court for several weeks. Perhaps he is too busy spending the money we gave him."

"Not so, Your Majesty," replied the minister. "By all accounts, he is still living in the same poor way."

"This is ridiculous," snorted the King. "Have this Deenanath brought here immediately"

When Deenanath arrived, the King demanded, "What has happened to the money this time?"

Deenanath gave a gentle smile. "The money is quite safe Your Majesty. You see my stars will not be favourable for yet another month. Then and

only then, shall I be able to use the money to good advantage."

The King threw up his arms in despair. "You are the most absurd creature in my kingdom. Now listen, here is a casket containing ten pieces of gold. Go and spend it, otherwise I will have you thrown into prison."

Deenanath clutching the casket of gold hurried on his way home. But on the way he decided to stop at Lord Ganapathi's temple to have a bath at the well. Carefully placing the casket on the parapet of the well, Deenanath enjoyed his bath, but as he was drying himself, his arm accidentally knocked the casket into the well.

Peering down into the well, Deenanath thought it will be perfectly safe there, and I will easily get it out at the end of the month.

But Deenanath reckoned without the King, who at the end of two weeks summoned Deenanath to give an account as to how he had spent the gold.

"I haven't spent it, Your Majesty," said Deenanath very meekly. "The money is in safe keeping in the temple of Lord Ganapathi. In just two more weeks my stars will ascend, then all will be well. And what is more, Your Majesty, the stars say you will also benefit at the end of those two weeks."

"The man is mad," muttered the King. Then pointing his finger at Deenanath he shouted, "I will come to the temple in two weeks time, and if you fail to show me the money, your life will be forfeited."

At the end of the two weeks, the King escorted by his guard, arrived at the temple, where Deenanath was patiently waiting.

"Now produce the money," demanded the King.

Deenanath went to the peepal tree, and after groping in the hollow trunk, triumphantly produced the bag of silver.

"And where is the casket of gold?" asked the King.

Deenanath lowered himself into the well, and after several minutes scrambled out holding two caskets!

When the smaller casket was opened, true enough the ten pieces of gold were still there. The bigger casket was a little more difficult to force open. But when the lid was raised, the King gave a shout of astonishment. "This is the jewellery robbed from the palace several years ago."

Turning to Deenanath, the King said, "I misjudged you, my friend. From this day onwards, you shall be the royal astrologer at my court."

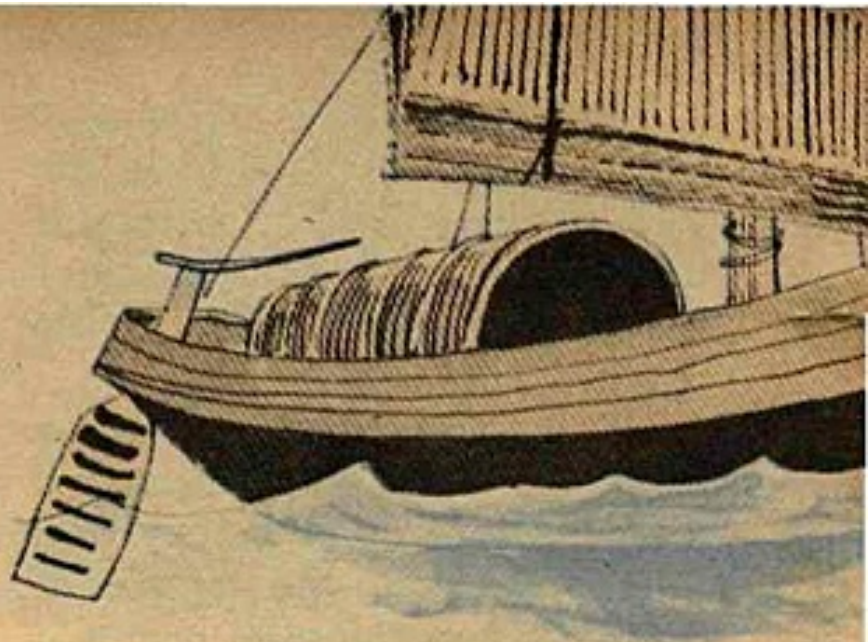
Needless to say Deenanath's wife never scolded him again.



"I told you to steal a car, stupid!"

Once upon a time, in Japan, there lived a young boy called Urashima. He lived with his mother and father in a small fishing village and every evening his father would go out to sea in his sampan, or small fishing boat, returning in the morning to sell his catch at the market.

The time came when the boy decided that he, too, was old enough to go out fishing, so he built himself a strong boat and



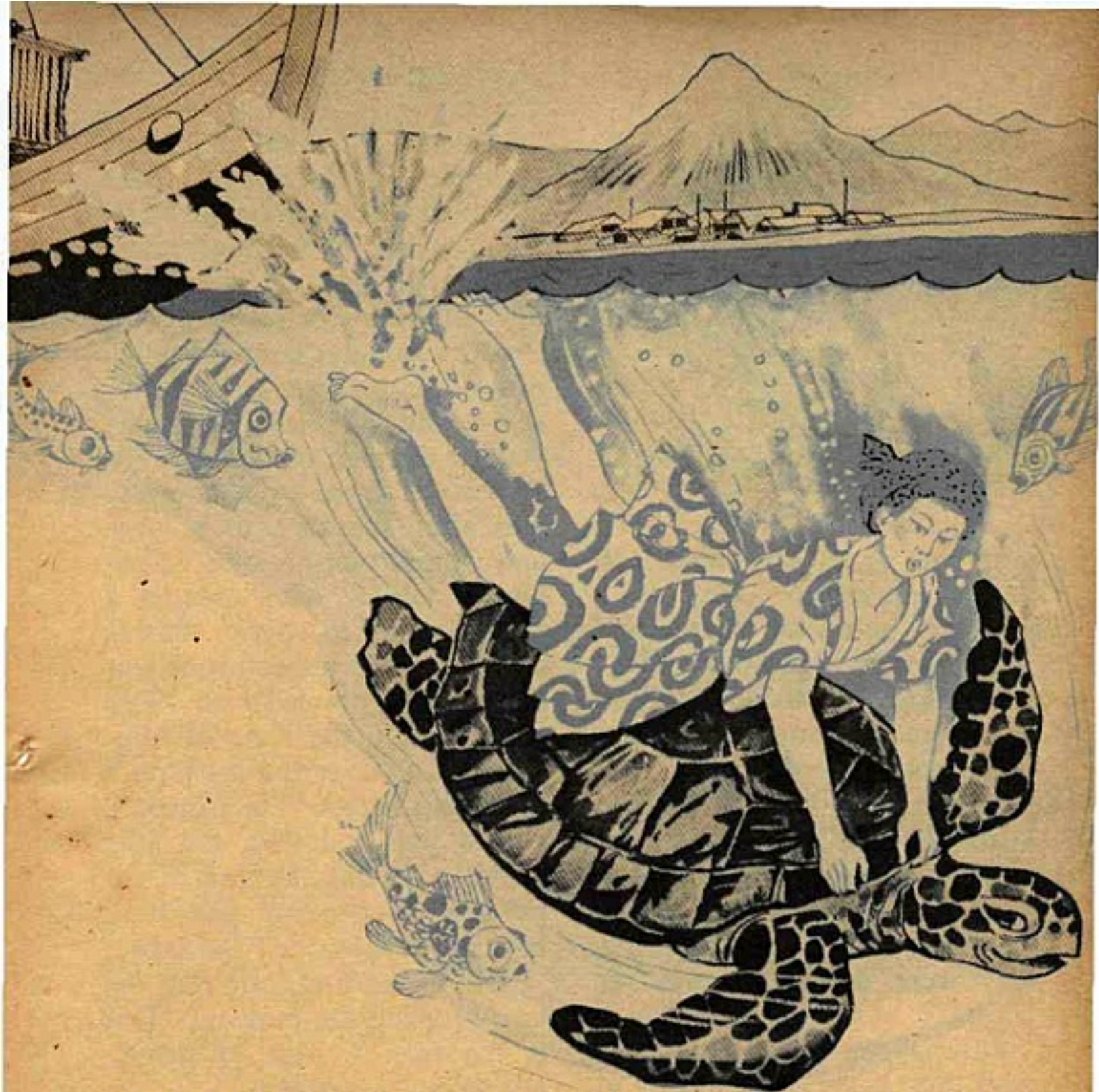
THE FISHERBOY AND THE TURTLE

every evening he set sail with his father and the other men of the village to fish through the night. He soon became known as the "fisherboy" because he always seemed to bring home the best catch at the end of the night's fishing.

One morning, Urashima was walking along a lonely stretch of beach, when he almost tripped over a poor turtle that had been turned on its back by a large wave. It was helplessly waving its flippers in the air and Urashima took pity on the poor creature. He bent down

and turned it the right way up but it was too exhausted to move, so he carried it down to the edge of the sea and gently put it in the water.

That night, as usual, the "fisherboy" sailed out to sea, and as he was casting his nets he heard a voice calling, "Urashima, Urashima." Peering over the side of the boat the boy saw a turtle, waving a flipper at him. "Fisherboy, do you not recognise me?" it called. "I am the turtle that you so kindly rescued on the beach yesterday. Do not look so surprised for I



am not really a turtle, but a princess. I am the daughter of the King of the Dragons and of all undersea creatures."

"O gracious and noble princess," said Urashima, bowing his head, "forgive me, but I did not know who you were. Tell

me, why have you changed yourself into a turtle?"

"My father wishes me to marry," she replied:

"Then why have you changed into a turtle?" repeated the puzzled fisherboy.

"Because the man I choose



must be good and kind and people are always kind to a princess, but only really kind people would care for a turtle," she replied. "Before you knew that I was a princess you were kind enough to rescue me. For your kindness I would like to introduce you to my father."

Then the princess told him to sit astride her shell and, before he knew what was happening, they were diving beneath the waves.

Past jagged rocks and coral reefs they swam, past forests of waving seaweed and hundreds of brightly-coloured fish, each one bowing its head as they swam by. "We are nearly there," said the turtle as they passed through a rock gateway and into the courtyard of an

enormous undersea palace. As Urashima looked around in wonder, twelve Fantail goldfish swam out of a doorway, "These are my ladies in waiting," said the princess. "Please wait here while I go and change myself into a normal being."

A few minutes later she returned, quite the loveliest girl Urashima had ever seen, and they walked through the palace. The princess stopped by a doorway and after speaking to a large and important-looking blue-black lobster, they entered a richly decorated room. Sitting on a pearl-encrusted throne was a splendidly dressed man. "This is my father, the King of Dragons and all undersea creatures," said the princess. The fisherboy bowed low and then the king spoke. "Is this the first of the possible sons-in-law you have brought to show me?" he asked.

"He is the first, but also the last," replied the princess. "This is the man I wish to marry. His name is Urashima."

The fisherboy was very surprised by what he heard, but at the same time it made him very happy for ever since he had seen the princess as she really was, he had hardly been able to take his eyes off her.

When the king heard the story of how Urashima had saved his daughter's life he gave consent for the marriage to take place, satisfied that she had made the right choice.

In his new-found happiness, the fisherboy had completely forgotten about his past life, but one day his wife, the princess, came to him and said, "Urashima, it has now been a year since we were married. Do you not think it is time you went back and saw your family?"

At once Urashima was filled with shame and sorrow. "You are right," he replied, "I must go back and tell my mother and father what has happened to me. Will you come with me?"

"I cannot meet your parents," said the princess sadly, "but I can turn myself into a turtle again and carry you back to your village. Take with you this gold-painted box." The princess then went to a cabinet and took out a most elegant box, tied with a cord of red



and white silk. "Take this with you," she said, "but on no account must you open the lid."

"But what is the use of taking it if I cannot look inside?" asked Urashima.

"There is nothing inside for you to see," replied the princess. "All I ask is that you do not open it, for you have two faults, my dear husband, one is curiosity and one is forgetfulness. Do not let either of them get the better of you."

The princess changed into a turtle and carried her husband back to his village and as they neared the beach she said, "Remember what I have told you. Do not open the box. When it is time to fetch you I will be waiting, so do not worry."

With a wave of a flipper she disappeared beneath the waves. Eager to see his parents, Urashima ran up the road to his

house, but when he reached the spot where it should have been, all he saw was a patch of green grass.

"I cannot have come along the wrong road," he thought, "yet the village looks so different since I last saw it." Turning a corner he spotted a group of fishermen and running towards them he cried out, "Have you seen my parents and their house? My name is Urashima. Surely you remember me?"

The fishermen looked at him in amazement. "Who is Urashima?" they asked. "We do not know anyone of that name."

"Don't you remember?" asked the fisherboy. "I disappeared less than a year ago while out fishing."

One fisherman, much older than the rest, suddenly stepped forward. "I remember my mother and father telling me there was once a family

A hypochondriac told his doctor in great alarm that he had a fatal liver disease. "Nonsense!" protested the doctor. "You wouldn't know whether you had that or not. With that disease there's no discomfort of any kind."

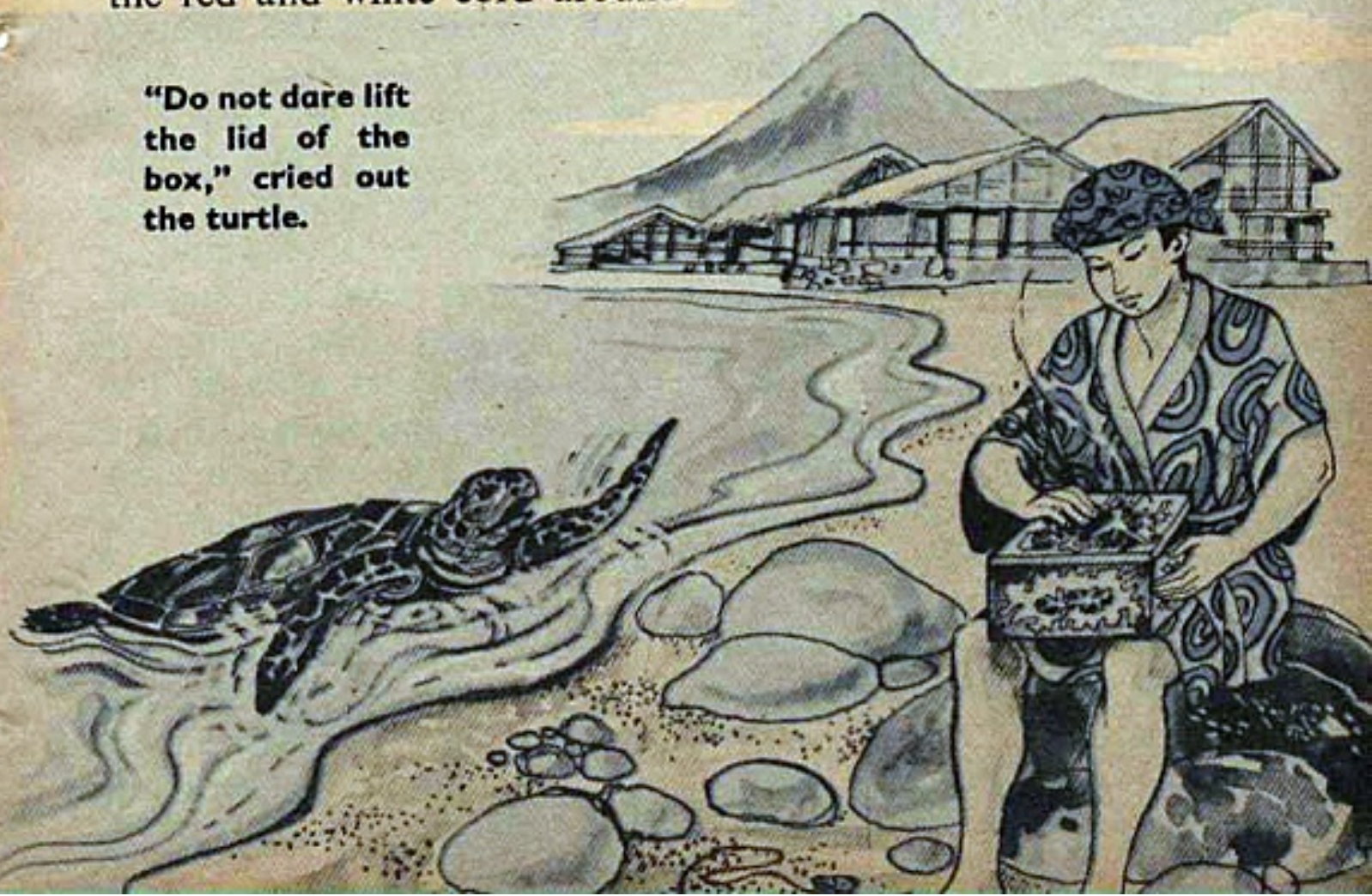
"I know," gasped the patient. "My symptoms exactly."

called Urashima living in the village. They had only one son and he was lost at sea. The loss was too great for them and they both died of broken hearts. But you cannot be their son for this happened three hundred years ago!"

Poor Urashima turned away and walked sadly down to the beach. He realised that one year spent under the sea was equal to three hundred spent on land. Thinking of his mother and father and the days when he had been a simple fisherboy he sat down on the sand and began to play idly with the red and white cord around

the gold box. He had forgotten the words of his wife and was just about to open the lid when a loud splash made him lift his head. It was his wife, disguised as the turtle. "Do not dare lift the lid of the box," she cried out from the water. "If you do, three hundred years of your life will pass in a twinkling and you will die where you sit." Urashima ran down the beach, thankful for his escape and climbed on to the shell of the turtle. Then they both dived beneath the waves, never to be seen again.

"Do not dare lift the lid of the box," cried out the turtle.



A FITTING REWARD

Fifty miles from the city of Kailasapur was the village of Gulbarga. It was only a scattering of modest hutments, and as the village was several miles from the highway, few knew of its existence.

Living in the village, was a peasant named Bhagavan and his family. Bhagavan earned a modest living working on the land, but sometimes, like during the rains, there was little work to do, so life was always a hand to mouth existence.

One evening, when Bhagavan returned home tired and hungry after a hard day digging drainage ditches, he could see at a glance that his wife was bursting with excitement. He wasn't to be left in ignorance for long.

"Have you heard the good news?" she fairly shouted in her excitement. "A famous holyman is at Kailasapur and he is rewarding everyone with gold and silver according to the good deeds they have done. You must go at once and claim your reward."

"Claim my reward?" said Bhagavan dubiously. "I have

never done any good deeds. It's only the rich that can afford to do good. So don't be silly woman."

"You must have done some good deed during your life," his wife insisted.

"Nonsense," said Bhagavan grinning at his wife. "I am certainly not trudging all the way to Kailasapur to get a reward for the good deeds I have never done."

But Bhagavan was wrong. Half way through the night his wife argued and argued, and in the end, more for peace of mind than anything else, Bhagavan reluctantly agreed to make the journey to Kailasapur.

Mile after mile he plodded, busy all the time trying to recall some good deed he had performed. But he had to give it up as hopeless, and only hoped that this holy man, would give him a few coins out of charity.

Long before he reached the city, he overtook others bent on the same errand. There were rich men in palanquins, there were others on horseback



Everyone was on the road to see the holy man

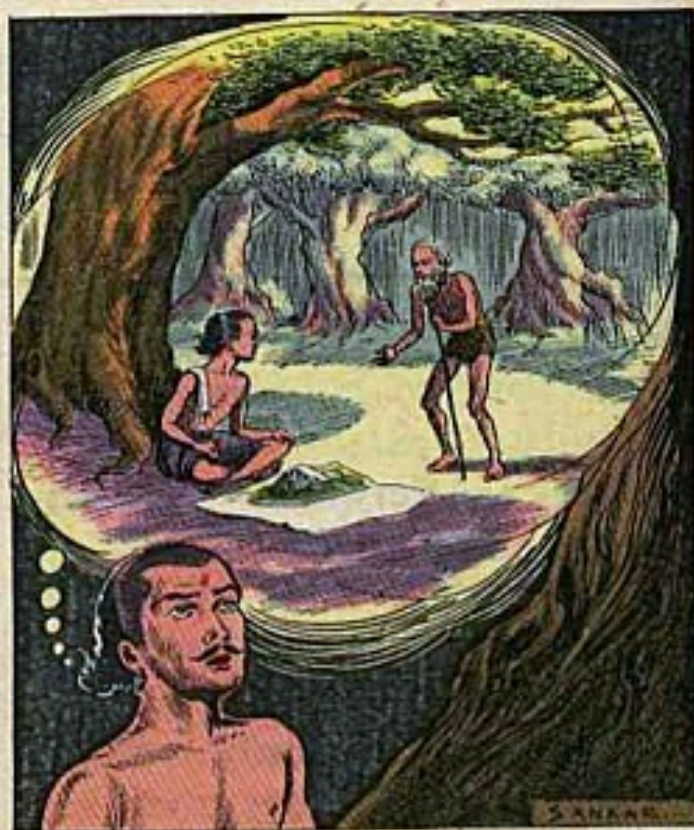
or driving carts, and many like himself, trudging it on foot. There was no doubt as to where they were bound, for there were many loud voices boasting of all the good deeds they had done.

Came dusk, and the entire cavalcade decided to rest for the night in a small glen, overshadowed by a huge spreading banyan tree. That tree looks familiar thought Bhagavan. Then he remembered. Yes, it must have been three years ago, when he was making one of his infrequent visits to the city. He had sat under that

tree to eat his food, and an old man, obviously starving, had come along and begged for something to eat.

He could recall that old man so clearly. Leaning on a stout stick to support his withered frame, the old man could hardly walk, and how grateful he was, when Bhagavan had made him eat most of the food. Perhaps the holy man might consider that a good deed, although it really wasn't worth mentioning.

Eventually the travellers reached the city, and there was no difficulty in finding the whereabouts of the holy man, because it seemed that everyone was



He recalled the time when he fed the old man



more. To these the holy man presented small bags of money.

At last it came Bhagavan's turn to go into the hut, and as he sat down opposite the holy man his courage failed him.

"Tell me, my son," said the holy man. "What good deeds have you performed during your life?"

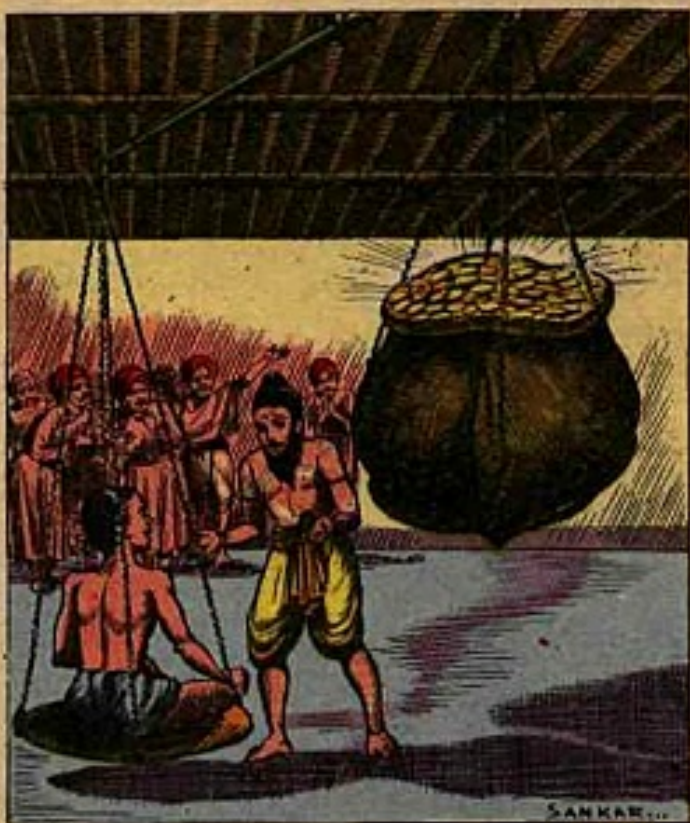
"Holy sir, I don't think I have ever done a good deed," confessed Bhagavan, feeling very miserable. "My wife insisted that I came to see you, and I did so, hoping that you would be charitable to a poor man".

"Perhaps you judge yourself

there, waiting outside the holy man's hut, all blissfully hoping for a reward.

Squatting down with the rest, Bhagavan patiently waited his turn to meet the holy man. From where he sat, Bhagavan could see inside the hut, and there was the holy man questioning each person who entered the hut. Afterwards each person was weighed on a huge pair of scales and instead of weights, the holy man was using gold and silver coins.

Some persons only seemed to weigh a few coins and they did not receive any reward. Whilst others weighed much



Bhagavan outweighs all the gold and silver

too harshly," said the holy man giving Bhagavan an encouraging smile. "Think hard and you may remember some little good turn you did to another."

"Well I once shared my food with an old man," said Bhagavan. At this, every one within hearing began to laugh, but the holy man scolded them severely and walking across to the scales, beckoned to Bhagavan. "Come here, and let us see how much your goodness weighs."

Bhagavan slowly sat in one pan of the scales, wishing he was miles away. Meanwhile the holy man started to empty bags of coin into the other pan. But the scales didn't move. More and more coins were emptied into the other pan, but Bhagavan outweighed the lot.

"My son," cried the holy man. "Your goodness weighs more than all the coin I have. How can I reward such as you?

Only the Gods can decide."

"Father," said Bhagavan, getting off the scales. "If as you say, my goodness is priceless, we should not talk in terms of gold and silver. Let the Gods decide if I am worthy of any reward."

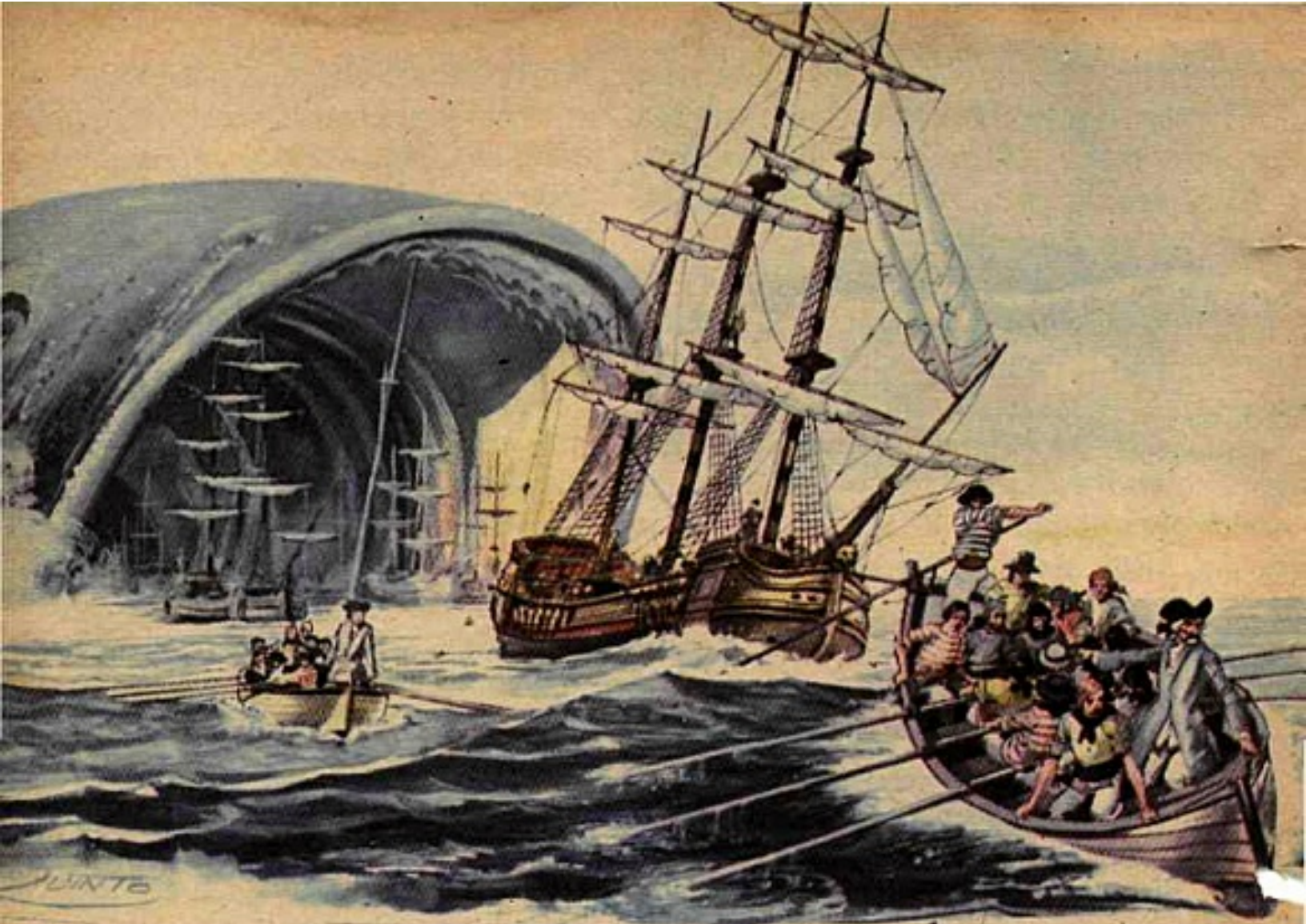
"Nobly said," exclaimed the holy man. "Go in peace my son, and rewarded you will be."

Bhagavan started his long journey home, wondering what he should tell his wife. When he arrived home and entered his house, he was astonished to see that his wife was wearing a new sari, and all the children had new clothes.

"You're back at last," cried his wife. "Such good fortune has come our way. Your uncle died and surprisingly left us all his money."

Bhagavan recalling the parting words of the holy man just smiled.





THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN

After we had left the island of cheese, which I told you about last month, we drifted about the ocean, not knowing where we were really going, for we were without a compass.

We at length came to a sea that seemed all black. Some of the Dutch crew had the idea that we had reached the Black

Sea itself, but this was not the case. We tasted what we thought was dirty water, but found it to be an excellent wine. It was with great difficulty that the Dutch captain prevented his sailors from leaping overboard to drink as much as they could. They were eager to stay in that one spot, scoop-

ing up wine in pailfuls, but the captain, being a wiser man, gave orders that the ship was to sail on.

Some hours afterwards we found ourselves surrounded by whales and other fish of enormous size. There was one whale of such great length that we could not see the end of him, even with a telescope.

The captain ordered the helmsman not to steer too near the monster, which appeared to be half asleep on the surface of the sea. There did not appear to be any danger, until the whale suddenly opened his mouth and gave a big yawn. The sea started to rush into his open mouth and our ship rushed with it before we could alter course.

"Throw out an anchor," cried the captain, but it was too late to do anything. Carried along by the rush of water flooding into the whale's mouth, our ship was drawn into the stomach of the monster, where it went all dark and quiet as though we were floating in a dead calm.

The air, I must admit, was warm and heavy. We saw inside the giant whale a number of other ships, which he must

have also swallowed at some time or other. They all appeared to have cargoes and crews aboard.

We could see nothing of the sun, the moon or the stars, and were obliged to light torches. It usually happened that twice a day we were left high and dry, and twice a day we floated. When the monster whale drank we floated, and when he poured the water out we were left dry. We made an exact estimate of the quantity of water he drank, and found that it would be enough to fill the Lake of Geneva, which is thirty miles round.

Knowing much about the habits of whales, I explained this strange happening to the captain. "These monsters feed on small shrimps which live in the sea," I said. "Twice a day they suck in a great amount of water and pass it through a mass of whalebone in their throats, which acts like a sieve and collects the millions of tiny shrimps. It is a clever way of feeding but, alas, is of no use to ourselves, for our ship cannot pass through that great sieve of whalebone."

For days we remained in this gloomy region and became just

I shook the bear's paws so heartily that he began to utter howls of despair.



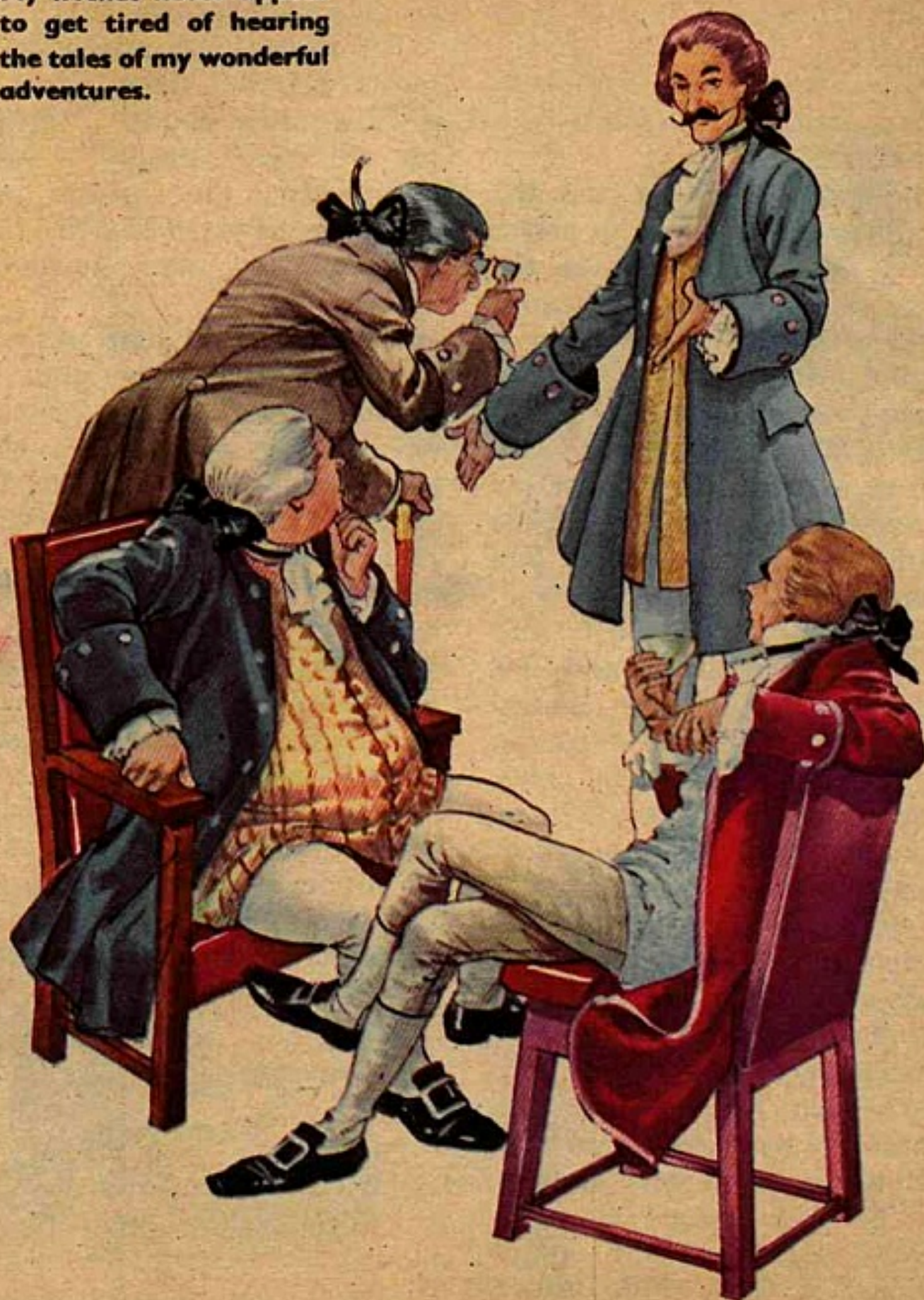
as gloomy ourselves when we met the crews of other ships, some of which had been there for as much as five long years. "There **MUST** be some way out," I kept on saying to myself—and at last I thought of a wonderful idea.

I called together a council of all the ships' captains and explained my plan to them. "Only when the whale yawns does he open his mouth wide

enough to let a ship pass through," I told them. "We must therefore make the whale yawn and be ready to dash out when he does so. To do this, we shall not let the monster sleep for a week or even a month, if need be."

To keep the whale awake we took turns to sing and shout and bang and hammer for every minute of the day and night. After about ten days, we could

**My friends never appear
to get tired of hearing
the tales of my wonderful
adventures.**



tell by the half-hearted way the whale fed himself that he was almost too tired to eat. Every ship was ready, with a lifeboat fully manned and attached by a tow-rope.

Suddenly, I sensed that the tired whale was about to yawn. "Get ready," I cried, as the huge mouth began to open. And when it did open in a mighty, drawn-out yawn, we slipped through in the boats, pulling the ships behind us. It was a moment of great joy to see the sun and the outside world again, as though we had escaped from prison.

"Well done, Baron," said the Dutch captain, and his words of thanks were echoed by all present. The ships ran up their flags and the crews lined up on the decks to raise their hats and give me three hearty cheers.

I do not need to tell you that I felt very proud and when we reached the Northern parts of the Earth again, every man insisted on shaking hands with me. When I left them and continued my travels overland, both of my hands were tingling, but it so happened that my wrists had become much stronger, a fact which helped

me when I suddenly came upon an enormous brown bear!

Before he could attack me, I seized his two front paws in my own two hands. "Hello, my old friend Bruin," I said, and I began to squeeze and shake his paws so heartily that he began to utter howls of despair.

I kept him in that position for hour after hour, until he became quite weak. When I released my grip he was glad to shuffle away. Thanks to this exploit, I inspired all bears with such respect, that not one of them has since dared to quarrel with me.

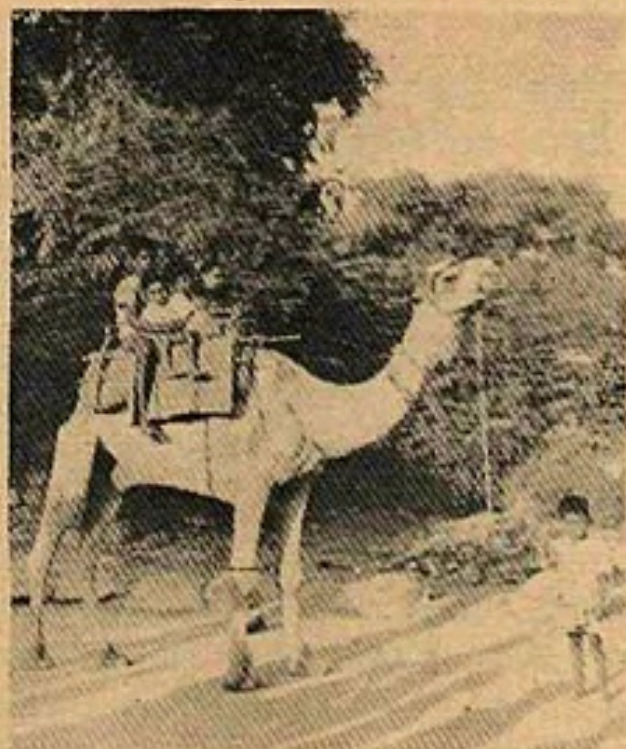
Those are the tales of my wonderful adventures. I have told them over and over again to my friends and they never appear to get tired of hearing them. Now I will wish you all goodbye, and thank you for listening to me.



"Did you see the New Year in, Dear?"

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST

Here's the opportunity for you to win a prize
Winning captions will be featured in the February issue



- ★ These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or a dozen words but the two captions should be related to each other.

- ★ Prize of Rs. 20 will be awarded to the best double caption.

- ★ Entries must be received before

31st December, otherwise they cannot be considered.

- ★ Your entry should be written on a postcard, giving your full name and address, together with your age, and sent to:

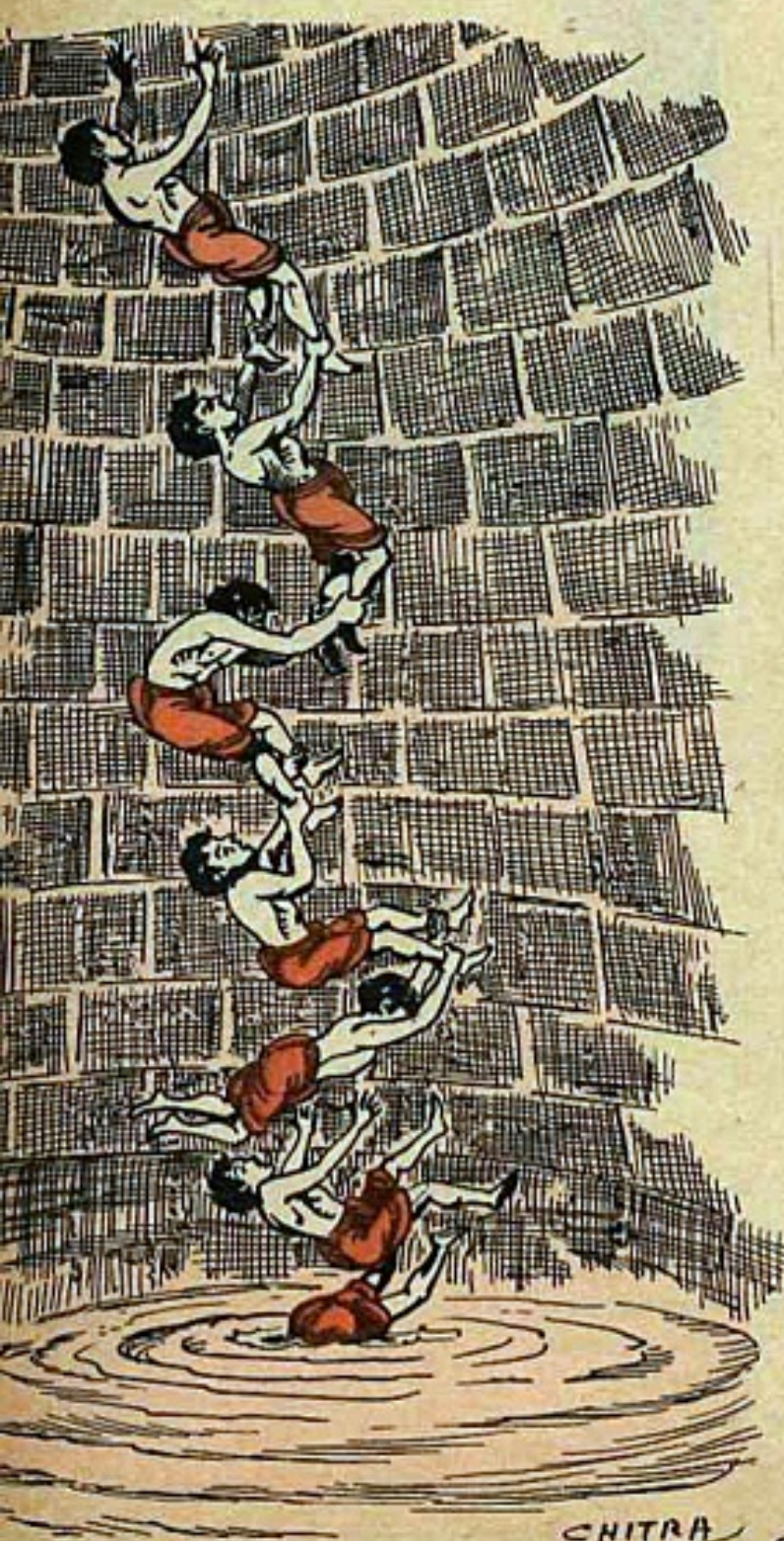
Photo Caption Competition,
Chandamama Magazine,
Madras-26.

Result of Photo Caption Contest in October Issue

The prize is awarded to
Master M. V. Vijayaraghavan,
Collector's Bungalow,
Nellore (A. P.).

Winning Entry—'Buoyed Together'—'Boys Together'

THE SEVEN BROTHERS



There were once seven brothers, all comparatively young, and as they had received very little education, they were rather lacking in common sense. Still, whilst their father was alive, he kept them hard at work on their land, and everyone was quite content.

Unfortunately, the father died, and the seven brothers decided that now there was no need to work hard everyday, and they should go and see something of the surrounding countryside.

So early one morning, off they went, and wandered from village to village, happy in their newly found liberty. Came evening, they slowly wended their way back home.

As they trudged homewards in the moonlight, they came to a village which had a large well. This was a great source of interest to the brothers, and they were soon amusing themselves by dropping stones into the well and

listening to the splashes.

Then at last, the eldest brother said. "Come, it is time we went home. But first, I had better count to see that we are all here." Then slowly he counted each one, but omitted to count himself. "Good heavens," he cried. "One of us is missing. He must have fallen into the well."

Promptly he ran to the side of the well, and peering into the depths, saw his own reflection in the water. "Yes, he is in the well," he shouted. "Hurry, we must get him out."

They had no rope, and for a time they stood and pondered as to how they could rescue their poor brother. Then the eldest had a brain wave. "I will cling to the edge of the well," he expounded very profoundly. "The next one will climb down my back and hold on to my feet, then the next one will climb down and hang on to his feet, and so on. Then when we are all hanging on to each others feet, we will have made a human ladder to rescue our brother."

With a lot of exertion, they at last managed to form their human ladder down into the depths of the well. But the weight was too much for the eldest brother at the top, and with a frightened yell, he just had to let go, and all the brothers fell into the well.

Fortunately, the water was not very deep, and as soon as each brother managed to regain his feet, he clasped the one nearest him, shouting. "I have saved our brother."

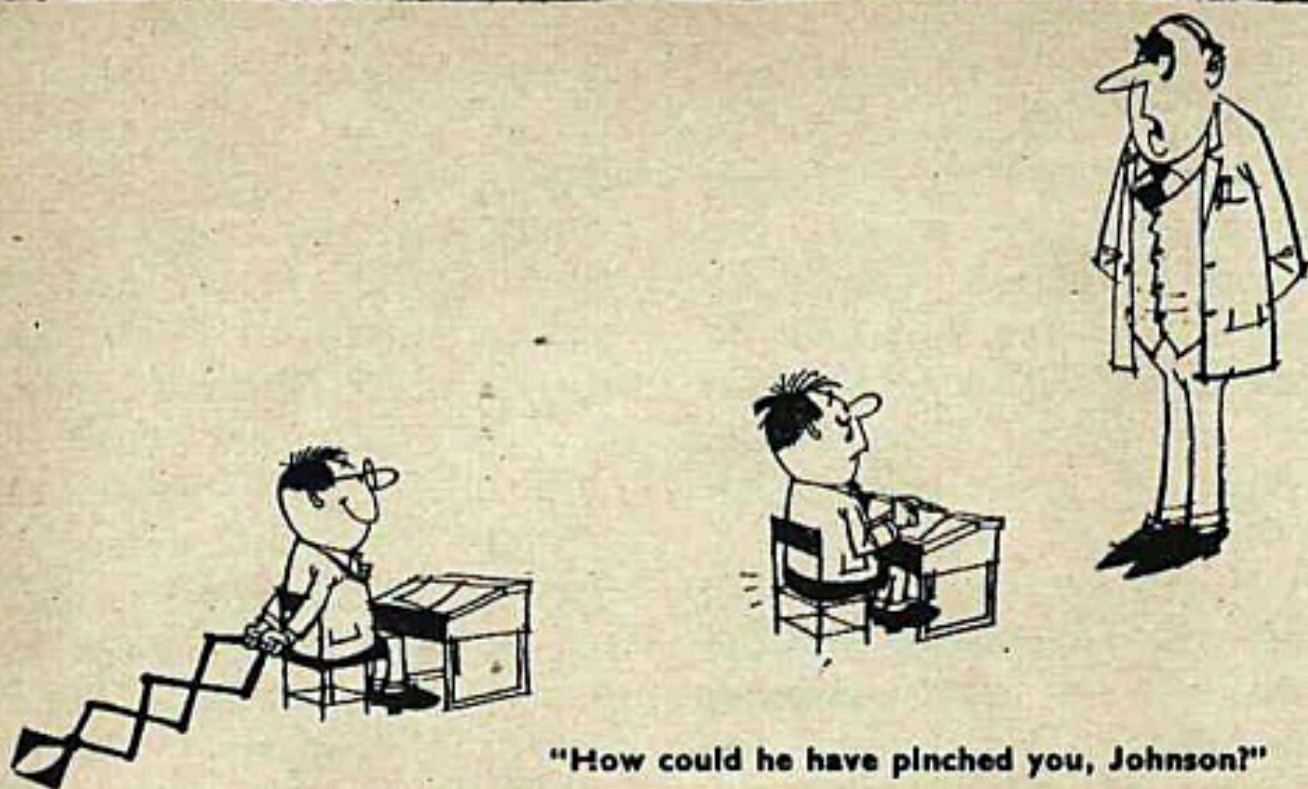
Allt his noise and confusion soon brought most of the village to the well, and when ropes were fetched, the wet and bedraggled brothers were hoisted out of the well.

"What were you seven young men doing down our well?" demanded the headman of the village.

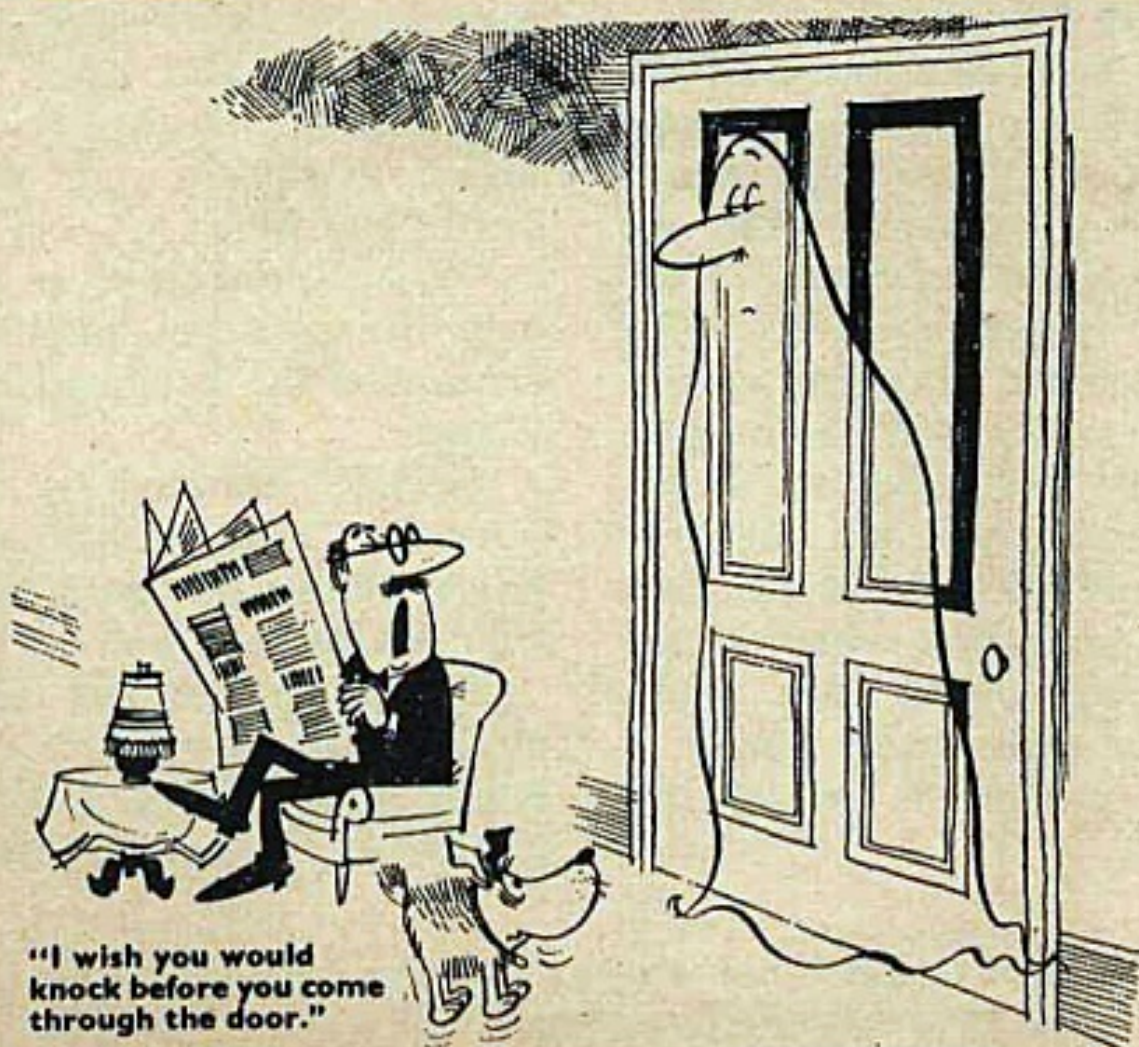
"Seven!" shouted the eldest brother. "Then we have managed to rescue our poor brother who fell into the well."

The seven brothers arm in arm, made for home, each happy that he had helped to rescue his brother in distress.

.....
A truthful woman is one who won't lie about anything except her age, weight and her husband's salary.



"How could he have pinched you, Johnson?"



"I wish you would
knock before you come
through the door."



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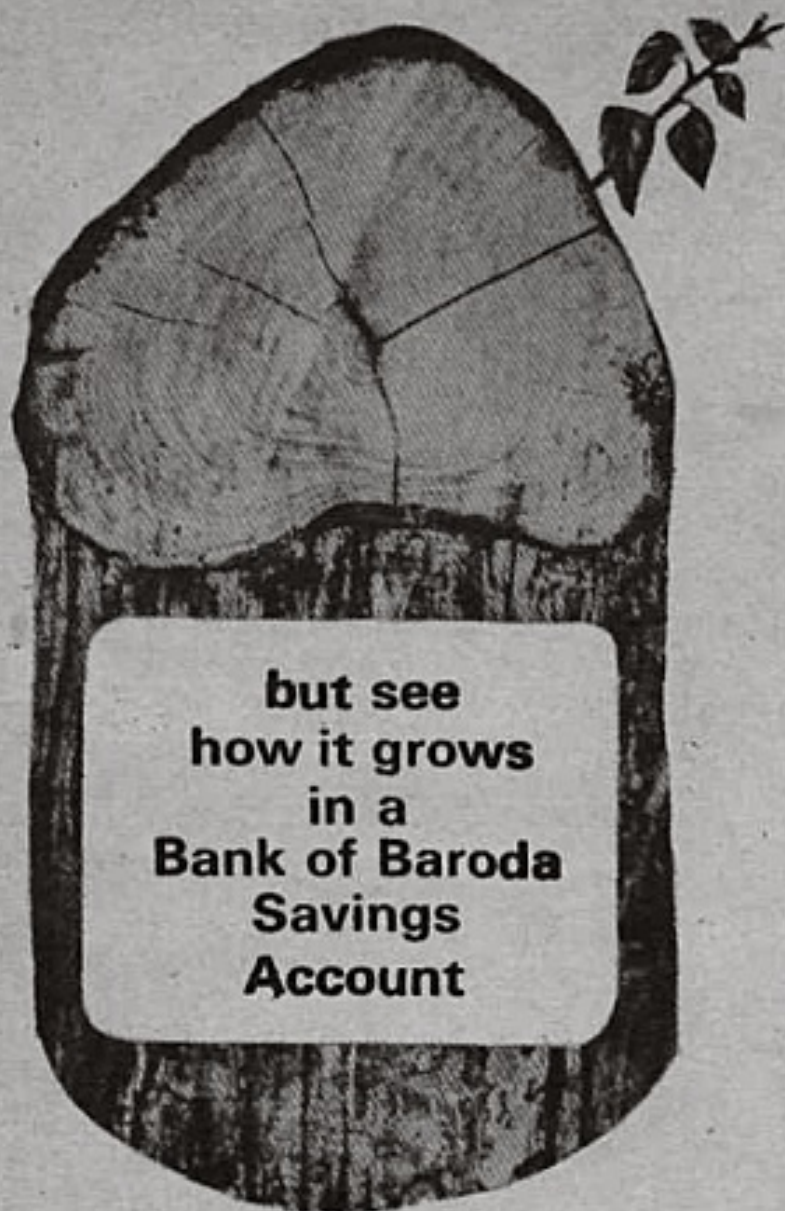


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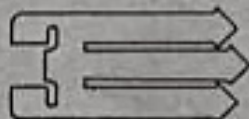
Swastik Oil Mills, Bombay

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Wild Life



B for Bird of Paradise, whose gorgeous feathers are prized by the New Guinea natives for their head-dresses. When first seen by white men they thought these birds must be wanderers from Paradise.